THere is lately Publiſh'd, *Miſcellaneous Letters and Eſſays, on ſeveral Subjects.* Philoſophical, Moral, Hiſtorical, Critical, Amorous, *&c.* in Proſe and Verſe. Directed to *John Dryden*, Eſq; the Honourable *George Granvill*, Eſq; *Walter Moyle*, Eſq; Mr. *Dennis*, Mr. *Congreve*, and other Eminent Men of th' Age. By ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies.

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CHORUS POETARUM:

OR,

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

BY THE

Duke of *Buckingham*, the late Lord *Rochester*, Sir *John Denham*, Sir *Geo. Etheridge*, *Andrew Marvel*, Esq; The famous *Spencer*, Madam *Behn*,

And several other Eminent Poets of this Age.

Never before Printed.

LONDON: Printed for Benjamin Bragg, at the *White-Hart*, over against *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-street*. MDCLXXIV.

THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory,
TO
Sir *FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD.*

SIR,

INnovation lies under ſo very Scandalous a Name, that to break an old Cuſtom, tho' never ſo Erroneous, is eſteem'd little leſs than the profanneſt of Sacriledgies, *So neceſſary we think it to believe our Anceſtors wiſer, than our Selves!* This makes me afraid to turn out of that *beaten Path*, my Predeceſſors in Dedications, have made the *Via Regia* for us to tread; they have fix'd the Cuſtom of rarely, or never-ſpeaking Truth to our Patrons, and I ſhou'd be convicted of too open a breach of this, by more Witneſſes

than the Law requires, if I ſhou'd in this Epiſtle attempt your *Praiſe*; becauſe all, that have the Happineſs of an Intimacy with you, know, and all that have heard of you believe your *Merit* deſerves the greateſt. Beſides I ſhou'd incur the Imputation of that intollerable Impertinence ſome News-Mongers are ſo guilty of, in repeating, with abundance of Ceremony, what all the World knew before: And to tell my *Readers* that Sir *FLEETWOOD* is a Man of admirable Addreſs, and vicacity in Converſation, that his Reflections are both Judicious and Pleaſant; that he knows not only Himſelf, but the World too; and other Truths, too numerous to particularize, wou'd be but a dull Repetition of what his daily Converſe has already, and e'ery moment does prove ten thouſand times more effectually; for,

Segnius iritant animos demiſſa per Aurem
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit Spectator.———

The

The World Loves to hear ſomething new, ſomething not heard of before, *viz.* That ſuch a *Miſer* is a liberal *Mecænas*; ſuch a thoughtleſs pert *Debochee*, a Man of Honour, Temperance, Juſtice and Generoſity; ſuch a ſtigmatiz'd *Sot*, a Man of Addreſs and Wit: But I muſt inform 'em that the thred-bare Authors have found, ev'n that Method ineffectual; all the Dedicator can ſay, will not perſwade the Parcimonious Patron to be liberal, or the Town to think him ſo: all his forc'd Encomiums on his Senſe, will ſcarce make him ſo much a Man of Wit, as to riſe above ſome little paltry Preſent; for with Authors, Sir, as well as Whores,

Res eſt, crede mihi, ingenioſa DARE.

And what-ever the World may think their Brains, their Gold will be always ſterling with the Poets.

I eſteem my ſelf more happy in the Choice of your *P*atronage, becauſe it ſecures me from Scandalouſly incurring the

same Follies and Vices I condemn in others. But as I have no common Patron in Sir *FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD*; so I will not treat you like one, I'll endeavour to imitate *You*, Sir, that is, entertain you agreeably, as you do all your Friends. But I'm not so vain, as to mean this of any thing I have, or shall say in this Dedication: no, I leave that lucky Assurance to our brisker Authors, who full of themselves, and the University, set up Dogmaticly to assert their own Excellence, and the Follies of all others; let them think to attone for their own nauseous Translations, by railing at the poor Beaux, and crown themselves with Laurel, for having wretchedly attaqu'd those despicable Animals. The Entertainment, Sir, that I propose, is the following Collection of Verses, where you'll find both *Variety* and *Excellence*; for a great many of the ensuing Poems merit that Title.

If there can be a Definition given us of Wit, and good Poetry, I'm sure the Praise

and

and Fate of Authors are not really so Arbitrary, as they are generally made. I have frequently heard Men, who have in their Performances excell'd, censure others, very positively, without giving any Reason for what they said; when in those very things they exploded, there have concurr'd all they ever requir'd to a good Poem, Propriety, and Noble Boldness of Thought and Expression, the Images daring, and natural, *&c.* and in Discourses, the Arguments demonstrative, and succinct; the Reflections Just and Brillant. On the other hand, I have seen Authors, meet with a very welcome Reception in the World, who in my Opinion have but a slender pretence to Merit. Whose works are like St. *James*'s *Park* on a *Sunday* or *Holy-day*, a strange Extravagant Medly, here a heap of dull Insipid Stuff, with a pert Air, like a Company of heavy, gawdy flutt'ring awker'd City Prentices, with their Swords ty'd up to their Middles; there a dull Thought dress'd in an effected Expression, like Miss

in

in her Holy-day Garb, as ſtiffly adjuſted as her Father's Beard, when he goes to the Change, or a Sermon. There a falſe glittering Reflection, ſet off with the Emphatic Mein of a ſuburb Harlot to engage the ſtraggling Shop-keeper on his Dominical day of Vacation from Cheating; beſides a thouſand other congergated Blunders, like the Flood of the undiſtinguiſh'd Mob, that laborioufly contribute their ſhare of buſtle to the raiſing a Duſt and Noiſe, as well as the Spleen.

But if the World wou'd receive the Standard of Wit and Excellence given us by ſo good a Judge, as Mr. *Dryden*, viz. *Propriety of Thoughts and Words, or the Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to Subject*, Authors wou'd meet with a much different Fate, from what they have of late. They wou'd not build their Reputation on any Faction, and challenge Wit from the ſuppos'd Juſtice of the Cauſe they eſpouſe; from the Eminent Man they have the Im-

Impudence to attaque; or the Elimoſinary Verſes of their eſtabliſh'd Acquaintance, the Tribute of their Friendſhip, not Judgment; from the Extravagance of the Paradox they advance, or in ſhort, from the Aſſurance of their own parts; but only from their true and innate Worth, as they equall'd, or fell ſhort of the Standard of Excellence. This I deſire ſhou'd be the guide of the Reader's Cenſure of the following Verſes; not that I've any Hope my own Will eſcape the better by this means; for I confeſs my ſelf before-hand, ſo far from a Poet, that I don't think my ſelf ſo; I know by experience, that the Muſe has too much of the Jilt of that Sex, ſhe's repreſented of, to one that has no Money; Want ſtarves Poetry, as well as pleaſure; and an empty Purſe will never win one of the nine Siſters to the Arms of their greateſt Admirer. They are like other Temporary Friends, flying from our diſtreſs, and quitting us like our Shadows, as ſoon as the

the Sun withdraws. I have met with too many Misfortunes, and too few Friends to have Sedateneſs, and Freedom of Mind, enough to write, as I cou'd wiſh; without the Golden Bough, there's no Being

——*Led thro' the* Cumæan *Cave,*
To hear th'impatient Maid divinely rave.

Yet notwithſtanding this, I have preſumed to inſert ſome of my own Verſes in this Miſcellany, whoſe Fate I ſhall not be over-ſollicitous for; hoping I may hereafter be able to produce ſomething, my Enemies will not ſo eaſily condemn. I ſhall leave the whole, Sir, without any farther Apology, to your Candor, and good Humour, who can not only diſtinguiſh betwixt the Manners of the Authors you read, and their Wit; but alſo allow the Merit of the Performance, where you, and all honeſt Men, muſt condemn the Subject, 'tis to this *Candor*, and

Ge-

Generous Temper of yours, Sir, that, with the Book, I commit my ſelf, who am,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

CHARLES GILDON.

Adver-

Advertisement
TO THE
READER.

AMongſt my other Misfortunes I have lately met with an Adventure, which, for the time I confeſs troubl'd me more, than any thing that ever befel me. A dull Impertinent Abuſe of ſeveral of thoſe Gentlemen, I had publicly declar'd my ſelf an admirer of, being thruſt into the Epiſtle Dedicatory of the ſecond Volume of the Ladies Letters, Some were pleaſ'd very unjuſtly to lay it at my Door. I'm too ſenſible of my own defects to be ſo Mortify'd at the deſpicable Opinion

Opinion those Gentlemen had of my Sense, who believ'd it; but I confess I was sensibly touch'd with the Scandalous Judgment they made of my Morals, *which I do without Arrogance pretend to be as Orthodox as any* Mans, *how* Heterodox *soever my other Opinions may be thought by some. I speak this so publicly to satisfie those whose* Friendship *I value, and whose* Merit *I have ever allow'd, and cannot be brib'd by the justest Resentment to deny or lessen. I wish the Opiniated Author of the Epistle, would be as just in the owning his Brat, as he was unjust in its Production.*

POEMS

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

POEMS

ON His Majesty's Conquests IN IRELAND.

Made immediately after the Victory at Sea, 1692.

HOW great a Transport is a brave Man in,
When echoing Trumpets bid the Fight begin?
With Joy, the list'ning Warrier hears them sound,
And rears himself, all ravish'd, from the Ground:
He grasps his Sword, and lifts his pond'rous Shield,
And big with Joy, flies to the fatal Field:
The God of War his heated Breast inspires,
And his glad Soul swells to receive the Fires:

Already, he descrys the distant Plain,
Already seems to view the horrid Scene,
Hear clashing Spears, and Groans of dying Men.
Such was our Monarchs transport at the *Boyne*:
There, *Nassau*, all the Work was Heaven's, and thine.
Thy self the foremost, like the leading God,
Thy Soldiers gladly follow'd thro' the Flood;
Bending the Waves beneath them with their Tread,
They rais'd a Tempest, tho' the Winds were laid.
Each Army, like a well-appointed Fleet,
Cut thro' the rapid Streams, and mid way met;
Whilst from both Shores the thund'ring Ordnance speaks,
In louder Sounds, than those of Brazen Beaks.
All Elements, Fire, Water, Earth and Air,
Joyn in the fight, and mingle in the War.

Clouds

Clouds of black Smoak the face of Heav'n obſcure,
The Earth is ſhook, and the daſh'd Waters roar;
Hundreds are ſwallowed up, the furious Tide,
With a ſtrong Current, rowls away the Dead.
Already they have ſhot the Gulph of Death,
And need no Waftage over Lakes beneath;
Fate ſtretch'd himſelf, and both the Banks beſtride,
Fixing a deadly foot on either ſide,
Whilſt underneath his Arch the River flow'd,
Whoſe Waters roſe up to him, ſwell'd with Blood;
By thouſand differing ways, a thouſand fall,
See Death in all its forms, and dire in all.
The Stately Youth, that ſtood erect but now,
Struck by the mortal Dart, are levelled low;
Whole Heads and Arms are lopt, the ſhivering Spear
Strikes its ſharp Splinters thro' the wounded Air;
All inſtruments of Death the Fates employ,
Whom the Swords ſpare, the Waters do deſtroy.

From dying Chiefs the River gains a Fame,
But *Sconberg* gives it an immortal Name:
Bred up in Camps, inur'd to horrid Wars,
Loaden with Fame and Honour, as with Years;
Brave as he liv'd, the good old General fell,
And his great Maſter did revenge him well.
O! had thy mighty ſhade been by t' have ſeen
What Troops of Ghoſts he ſent to wait on thine,
Thy thankful *Genius* would his ſteps attend,
The beſt of Maſters, and the braveſt Friend;
To him thy Art of Conquering would bequeath,
VVho fought to make thee famous in thy Death:
For whilſt the Waters of the *Boyne* ſhall flow,
Succeeding Ages ſhall remember you.

Soldiers and Chiefs without diſtinction drop,
Only the King, ſtood as Immortal up;

Around

Around thy Head a thouſand Deaths did fly,
Spent in the Air; the boldeſt deſtiny
Durſt only touch thee in its paſſage by.
Thy ſtronger *Genius* did the ſtroke decline,
Fate had the power of ev'ry Life but thine.
Heroes on either ſide ruſh dauntleſs on;
The day is vaniſh'd e're the Battle's done.
Groans of ſain Soldiers mount up to the Skies,
Compaſſionate Eccho's anſwer to their Cries.
Whole Heav'ns concern'd, as 'twere it ſelf in fight,
And diſeaſed Nature ſickens at the ſight;
Nought ſtops the merc'leſs Victor in his courſe,
Strongly he urges on th' Impetuous Horſe,
And bears down all with a reſiſtleſs force:
So ſwiftly does he drive the flying Steed,
That Victory can ſcarce keep equal ſpeed.

Heaven looks with pity on the mighty Dead,
And griev'd to see so many thousands bleed,
Spreads the thick Veil of Night, to keep them hid.
The Sun went down with an unwonted red;
Bloody he lookt, as if himself had bled.
He seem'd to fall in the same famous Stream;
Our *Nassau* fought, and seem'd to fall by him.
Those very waters where the God lay Drown'd,
Our greater *Heroe* past and went beyond.
The Heavens withdraw their Lustre, and their Fires
And day it self, the last of all, expires.
Night, Horror, and Confusion, fill the Plain,
Darkness and Death, shut in the gloomy Scene.

Winds waft the dreadfull Tidings round their Coast;
Aloud they tell them how their *Isle* is lost;

Bid them take Wings, and fly in haste away,
The Conqerour comes on, as Swift as they.
Fierce, and Resistless, through the Land he past;
His Fame, and he seem'd to make equal hast.
At his approach th' affrighted Realm is shook,
The chiefest Cities yield without a Stroke.
To the proud Walls of *Limrick*, Siege he lays,
Which nought but Winter had the power to raise.
The gathering Clouds do warn him to be gone,
And timely shew the Tempest drawing on.
His Orders for a brave Retreat are given,
The Pious *Heroe* only yields to Heaven.
So *Tyre* stopt *Alexander*'s eager haste;
Withstood him for a while, tho' won at last.
Now he returns from the half vanquished *Isle*;
And seeks in Foreign Camps for nobler Toyl.
He leaves his Army to his General's Care,
And shews the ways, they must pursue the War.

With

With the vaſt help of the dread *Naſſau*'s Name,
His gallant Chiefs purchaſe their ſhare of Fame.
They Fought ſecure of Honour, and Succeſs;
The Cauſe was Heavens, and the Army his.
Conqueſt is eaſier made, when once begun;
Like high ſwoln waters, when the Sluce is drawn,
The Torrent from a far comes rowling on.

To diſtant Realms his conquering Arms he bears,
And Hoſtile Lands are made the Seat of Wars.
On him, and us theſe Bleſſings are beſtow'd,
Peace flouriſhes at home, and War abroad.
Diſdainfull Princes are compell'd to bow;
And haughty *France* begins to feel us now.
With Powers unequal, they a War maintain,
Compelled already to Reſign the Main.

The

The greateſt Navy they could ever Boaſt,
The work of thirty years, one Conflict loſt.
Both Fleets encountred with Impetuous Shocks,
Reſounding as the waves, that daſh the Rocks.
The Cannon roar'd as loud as did the Seas,
And Fire, and Smoak rowl'd o'er the Ocean's Face,
Some ſunk, ſome ſcatter'd through the watry Field,
And ſome from farther flight diſabl'd Yield.
Once more, we're Soveraign Maſters of the Sea,
And have our Paſſage to Invaſion Free.
On the proud Foe, we may our Armies pour,
Reſiſtleſs as the Seas, that waſh their ſhore.
Again, we may recover Empire there:
England can do it, and its Monarch dare.
'Tis he muſt pull the growing Tyrant down;
'Tis he will lead the *Brittiſh* Armies on.
Go all you gallant Youths, your Arms prepare,
Go with your Royal Leader to the War.

Yours

Yours is the Right, with Conqueſt make your Claim,
And raiſe at once, your Fortunes and your Fame.
None but old Men confin'd within our Iſles,
And tender Maids, unfit for mighty Toils.
Albion unpeopled, need not fear Surpriſe,
Heaven has Created it a Guard of Seas.
The Aged Sires to Altars ſhall repair,
And with a Pious Force, win Heaven by Prayer.
The ſighing Virgins ſhall your abſence mourn,
And every Beauty beg your ſafe return.
With Vows and Tears, aſſenting Heaven ſhall move,
And that ſhall Crown your Arms, and they your Love.
Thrice happy Victors deſtin'd to receive
What Heaven, and heavenly Beauty has to give.

But one, by far ſurpaſſing all the reſt,
Shall make her much loved *Naſſau* chiefly Bleſt.
The Queen of *Britain*, and of Beauty ſmiles,
And thanks her Conquering Warriour for his Toils.
Each rowlling day, new Honours does prepare;
Gives him new Glory, adds new Charms to her.
He Reaps the noble Harveſt of the Field,
And gives her all the Crop that it can yield.
Thus whilſt his wreaths, thy lovely Temples bind,
And all the Laurel Crowns he won, are thine;
And all by Crowning thee become Divine;
From every Part ſhall vanquiſh'd Princes come;
Thou ſhall pronounce the Royal Captives doom.
Each Vaſſal ſhall bow down his ſuppliant knee,
And all the Earth receive their Laws from thee.

Tune then your Jo Pœans to their praiſe,
To our great King eternal Trophies raiſe.

Let

Let the good *Dorset* all his Fights rehearſe,
The nobleſt Actions, in the nobleſt verſe.
Let the beſt Pencil draw him as he ſtood,
Repelling Fate, and the ſurrounding Flood.
Paint him Triumphant over Earth, and Sea,
Paint him ſo great, as all may know 'tis he.
All his lov'd Subjects watch his wiſh'd return,
Prepare his Triumphs, and his Throne adorn;
Pour all your Treaſure out beneath his Feet.
And be your Payment, as your Debt is, great.
Supply him from your unexhauſted Store.
So brave a Prince never led you forth before.
Preſerve him, Heaven, from all the rage of War:
Divert the threating point of every Spear;
Shield him, ſome God, and let no Shaft come near.

To *AMARILLIS.*

Out of the *Anthologia* of the *Italian* Poets.

SEven Summers Heats, and Winters Froſts are paſt,
Since, *Amarillis*, I beheld you laſt:
Yet, nor the Winter's Froſts, nor frequent Rains,
Could quench my Fires, or cool my burning pains;
Nor the ſeven Summers, with their ſcorching heat,
Expell my Flames, or make my Love abate.
You, when the dawning day begins to break,
Are my firſt Song; yours, the firſt name I ſpeak:
And when the mounting Sun has reach'd his height,
From his Meridian, ſhining warm, and bright;
My Morning Theme at Mid-day I rehearſe:
You fill my Numbers, and inſpire my Verſe.

Then when encroaching Night comes haſt'ning on,
The ſhadows length'ning, as the Sun goes down;
Still their firſt Theme my conſtant Songs purſue,
And all I talk, and think, is ſtill of you.
You, in my Dreams, my flatter'd Arms infold;
Oh! that thoſe Dreams, that ſooth me ſo, could
hold:
But they once gone, and Day again in view,
With the renewing Light, my Pains renew:
I fly my Houſe, as that encreas'd my Grief,
And yet in open Air, find no relief;
O're Hills, and Dales, thro' ev'ry conſcious Grove,
Born by my reſtleſs Paſſion, on I Rove,
Aloud complaining; with my pitious Moans,
I fill the ſounding Rocks, and tire the liſt'ning
Stones.
Echo alone, my loud complaints, returns,
Echo alone, with kind condoleance mourns.

Oft as the Sighs from my heav'd Heart ariſe,
From neighb'ring Caves, as often ſhe replies,
Shares more than half my Woes, redoubling all my Cries.

Oft as ſome rugged Clift's aſcent I gain,
And thence look downward on the diſtant main;
Mad as the Billows of the foaming Sea,
To the regardleſs Waves, and Winds, I pray:
Paying wild Vows to the fair Nymphs, that keep
Their wat'ry Courts around the ſpacious Deep.
The Sea, and Sea-green *Nereids* I implore,
To waft me ſafely to the wiſh'd for Shoar;
But ſhould that prove too much for them to give,
For me, too great a Favour to receive;
Still, let me go, tho' to be wreck'd, and loſt;
If ev'n my wreck it ſelf, may reach her Coaſt.
How often do I bleſs the *Zephyrs* flight,
Which ſteers them to my lovely Charmer's ſight?

'Wish that no Rocks may their soft Pinions tear,
Nor Clouds oppose their passage thro' the Air;
But that, securely, they their wings may move,
Securely bear the message of my Love.
Tell *Amaryllis* how her *Daphnis* dies,
Express my Passion, and repeat my Sighs.
How oft, to Winds, whose swift mov'd Pinions sweep,
In their return from thence, the yielding Deep,
Did you, I cry, my *Amaryllis* see?
And did she? did she once remember me?
Does she not yet, all thoughts of Love resign?
Or are they, are they still unmov'd like mine?
But the Deaf Winds, on which hoarse Murmurs flie,
And raging o'er the Seas, make no reply;
O'er my abandon'd Head, away they bear,
And leave me motionless, with Grief, and Fear.

Nor

Nor can the pastimes of my fellow Swains;
Nor Damsels dancing on the flow'ry Plains;
Nor Songs of *Sylvan* Gods, compose my Soul,
Where *Amaryllis* has usurp'd it whole.

To CHRISTINA, *Queen of* Sweden.

By Mr. Marvel.

Bellipotens virgo, septem Regina trionum,
Christina, *Arctoi lucida stella poli;*
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utq; senex armis impiger ora fero.
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor & populi fortia jussa manu;
At tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usq; truces.

Engliſh'd by Sir *F. S.*

BRight Martial Maid, Queen of the frozen Zone,
The Northern Pole ſupports thy ſhining Throne.
Behold what Furrows Age, and Steel can plow;
The Helmet's weight oppreſs'd this wrinkld Brow.
Thro' Fates untrodden Paths I move, my Hands
Still act my Free-born Peoples bold Commands;
Yet this ſtern Shade, to you ſubmits his Frowns,
Nor are theſe Looks always ſevere to *Crowns*.

On

On the late Sickness of Madam MOHUN, *and Mr.* CONGREVE.

EPIGRAM.

ONE fatal Day, a Sympathetic Fire
Siez'd him, that writ, and her that did inspire.
Mohun, the Muses Theme, their Master *Congreve*,
Beauty, and Wit, had like to've lain in *one Grave*.

On a Lady's Arrival from Holland.

ALL things move forward, with a prosp'rous Breeze,
And none but gentle *Zephyrs* swell the Seas,
Whilst the proud Ship its pompous load conveys.
Holland, with Grief, surrenders up the Fair,
And we, with Pride and Joy, receive Her here;
While in one bottom, they resign their store,
And by enriching us, themselves grow poor:
Much to those generous Provinces we owe,
For *Heroes* much, but more for Beauty now.
Abroad your Warriours conquer with their Arms,
And here alike, you conquer with your Charms;
While hourly in your crowded ways you meet
The Youth of *Britain* bleeding at your Feet.

In

In War the vanquish'd Foes for Mercy sue,
And we bow down for pity here to you:
Alike in Pow'r, you Life or Death afford,
The conqu'ring Beauty, or the conqu'ring Sword.

Engrav'd on a Medal of the French King's.

PRoximus & similis regnas, Lodoice, Tonanti,
Vim summam, summâ cum pietate geris;
Optimus expansis alis, at maximus armis,
Protegis hinc Anglos, Teutones inde feris.
Quin coeant toto Ti'ania fœdera Rheno;
Illa aquilam tantum, Gallia fulmen habet.

English'd thus:

SEcond to *Jove* alone, in whom unite
Unbounded Virtue, with unbounded Might.

Whether to succour Innocents oppreſt,
Or quell thoſe Monſters which the World infeſt:
In vain the *Titans* againſt Heaven combine,
In vain the Imbattl'd Squadrons croſs'd the *Rhine*,
Theirs is the Eagle, but the Thunder's thine.

A Letter from two Gentlemen in the Country *to a Friend in the* City.

WHile we in Country Conversation
Hear strange odd stories of the Nation,
Without one word of right Relation:
You have the Truth of what befals
The heavy Dutch, *and active Gauls:*
Which Side has got the best in Battles,
And which has lost their Goods and Chattels.
You've all the Wit too that is sown,
In Speech and Pamphlet o'er the Town;
But lest at some unlucky Time,
You may want something new in Rhime,
We'll tell you how the Day and Night,
Is spent betwixt the *SQUIRE and KNIGHT.*
Th'Account is true, as Gospel Text,
I writ the first Line, *I the next.*

Note, *that the different Print distinguishes what each writes. That in the* Roman *is writ by the* Knight, *that in the* Italick *by the* Squire.

Singly

Singly you ought to truſt to neither,
Yet you may credit both together.
We make a ſhift to riſe as early,
As he that dreamt of Mrs. *Farly.*
After ſhort Conf'rence held with Heaven,
(For Country-Sins are ſoon forgiven;)
Each takes his Book, the beſt beloved,
SQUIRE takes *Lucretius*; KNIGHT *takes Ovid.*
We're now Inventing, now Tranſlating,
And ſometimes Drinking, ſometimes Eating.
I writing Loves of Lady's Errant,
I ſigning Country Bumkins Warrant;
Till Dinner calls, where, after Grace,
The KNIGHT *puts on his ſerious Face,*
Yet lays about, and eats apace.
The ſame Grace after, as before,
For neither I, *nor I*, have more.

We rise, and go to what we please,
Have several sports for several days,
And faith we live in Mirth and Ease.
In Town you're fine Folk; yet we'll tell you,
In what we Country Folk excell you.
Here's no damn'd Mischief to be gotten;
No Gallant clapt, no Mistress rotten.
Green Grass contents the humble Lovers,
And Shades of Haycocks are our Covers:
Our Lasses, what they want in Beauty,
Make out in faithful Love and Duty.
'Twixt you and I, KNIGHT, *Love's a leap,*
Where he can have it sound and cheap;
But hates to waste his little Riches,
On jilting Sluts, and pocky Bitches.
Believe me, Jack, *in what is true,*
He has a better —— than you,
Which I admire you never knew.

Now

Now let our Services be giv'n,
To all our Friends on this side Heav'n.
We've nought to say to those gon thither,
Or elsewhere fled, the Lord knows whither:
Let them enjoy what e'er can flow,
From Bliss, which they alone must know,
We're content to stay below.
As Merchants deal with *Indian* Rabbles,
And sell them Bells, and such like Baubles;
And so the Knaves by ev'ry Trangam,
Get Gold and Jewels, marry hang 'em.
We send you here a Doggrel Letter,
From you, expecting much a better.
Which we with eargerness solicite,
The greatest Favour next, a Visit.
But that we fear 's too great a Toil,
Nor would you think it worth your while,

To change good Wine, and handſome Whores,
For Drink, and Doodies, ſuch as ours.
Our Friends, we never will importune,
To loſs of Pleaſures, or of Fortune;
Nor too much urge you to forſake all,
The Joys, we can't pretend to equal.
May all good Fortune ſtill careſs you,
And Wine and Women joyn to bleſs you.
Beauty conſult all Charms to fire you,
As Knight, *and I conſpire to tire you.*
That Thought came timely, by my troth,
And at this juncture well for both.
The tedious Writer bear the trouble,
Inſpite, to give the Reader double.

By *Madam* Behn.

I.

THE Gods are not more bleſt than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his Senſes chears,
And drinks with ever thirſty Ears:
The charming Muſick of thy Tongue,
Does ever hear, and ever long;
That ſees with more than humane Grace;
Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

II.

But when with kinder Beams you ſhine,
And ſo appear much more Divine:
My feeble ſenſe, and dazzled Sight,
No more ſupport the Glorious Light,
And the fierce Torrent of Delight.

Oh!

Oh! then I feel my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then flies away;
Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize,
And Darkness swims before my Eyes.

III.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The Liquid Drops in Silence flow:
Then wand'ring Fires run thro' my Blood:
Then Cold binds up the languid Flood.
All Pale and Breathless then I lie,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

To the Preciſe Cloris.

A Paraphraſe on the beginning of the laſt Chorus in *Seneca's Oedipus.*

FAtis agimur, cedite Fatis,
Non ſolicitæ poſſunt curæ
Mutare rati ſtamina fuſi,
Quicquid patimur mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus venit ex alto,
Omnia certo tramite vadunt,
Primuſq; dies dedit extremum.

SUbmit to Fate, 'tis her Tyrannic Reign,
Againſt whoſe blind Decrees, Man ſtrives in vain;
Not all his Anxious Cares, nor ſearching Skill,
Can change, or move her *Arbitrary* Will.

'Tis

'Tis from above that all our Actions flow,
To Partial Fate, what e're we bear, we owe;
To certain Roads all things confin'd we see,
And each Man's first day does his last decree.
Cease then your fruitless Sighs, your Vows, and Tears,
The Gods are deaf to wretched Mortals Prayers,
Or Power, or Will, they want to ease our tor-t'ring Cares,
Sooner shall *Priests* deserted Vertue love,
And sooner Princes modest Worth shall move,
Than Sighs and Pray'rs, the stubborn Pow'rs above.

Tell me, vain *Biggots*, who e'er found Success;
In having more, or in suff'ring less;
By all your dayly, and your nightly Cries,
Your Fasts, and Penance, and such idle Toys.

Then be no more by *holy Lyes* miſlead,
Of airy Bliſs, prepar'd to feaſt the *Dead*;
But uſe thoſe few, thoſe wretched Hours you have,
To pleaſe the SENSE, there's nought beyond
the Grave.

Fair *Cloris* then, lay Biggotry aſide,
Take *Senſe* and *Reaſon* for your ſurer Guide;
And quit not certain Joys, for Hopes above,
There's nothing there, as all Men grant, but *Love*:
Foreſtall thoſe Joys then whilſt you're here, and try
How ſweet it is to love before you die.
You ſo on both ſides will be ſure to gain,
For after Life, if naught at all remain,
You won't have ſpent your preciousHours in vain.
But if from hence we paſs to endleſs Love,
You'll be no Novice in the Joys above.

Then

Then give a Looſe to Fancy, and Deſire,
Let e'ry ſoft and Amorous Thought take Fire;
Commit thy Conduct to indulgent LOVE,
Ah! then, bright Nymph, (believe me) you will prove
What melting Raptures, and what ecſtaſie,
The God decrees you ſhall receive from me:
When all diſſolv'd within thy claſping Arms,
Thou taſt'ſt my vig'rous Love, I riſe all thy Charms;
Then both our raviſh'd Souls, ſhall ſwiftly riſe,
View and enjoy each other at our Eyes;
Till mounting Tranſports wing their mutual flight,
To leave us drown'd in ſtreaming, warm delight;
Each *Phœnix* hour, thus in Love's Beams we'll burn
Which ſtill ſhall loaden with freſh Joys return,
And riſe more gay from's Aromatic Urn.
Thus we ſhou'd live, and thus to live were made,
Fate brings us Ills enough, without our Aid.

To his Departing Friend.

By a young Gentleman of Eighteen.

THey ſay that Swans, as by the Streams they lie,
Salute Approaching Fate with Melody;
But if they loſt a thing ſo dear as thee,
They ſure wou'd ſpare that charming Obſequy:
If they but knew what 'tis to loſe a Friend,
They ſure wou'd chooſe then a more ſilent end.
The deepeſt Sorrow in deepeſt Silence gleams,
The hotteſt Fires have ſtill the ſmalleſt flames:
Tho' noiſie Grief, a Heart untouch'd declares,
Yet piercing Woe may flow in Sighs and Tears.
'Twou'd be unkind to ſee a Friend depart,
Without the Sighs of a forſaken Heart.

Theſe num'rous Sighs, my pregnant Griefs produce,
Without the help of my ungodly Muſe:
What Sorrow dictates, like a Friend receive,
Share you the Sorrow, which with me you leave,
'Tis this is Friendſhips ſad Prerogative.

On Cleona, *walking in the Sun.*

By the ſame.

SEE where ſhe walks in the Sun's glowing Ray,
Caſting all round more bright, more beamy Day!
See how the bluſhing God in haſte retires,
And in a ſullen Cloud hides all his vanquiſh'd Fires!
What Beauty did his flying *Daphne* grace,
That ſhines not brighter in her lovely Face?
Why then purſues he not this nobler Chace?

What better Object can his Wiſhes move?
'Tis ſure his wild Ambition checks his Love:
Jealous of Empire he her Love declines,
He ſees below how bright her Beauty ſhines;
And fears if once exalted to the Skies,
She'd rob him of his Eaſtern Sacrifice;
Make the mad World his fainter Pow'r diſown;
And pay their juſter Homage at her Throne.
For his weak Beams alternately ſtill ſet,
And wrap the ſad forſaken World in Jett.
Whileſt the ſtrong Glories of *Cleona*'s Eyes,
Nor dimly ſet, nor need a brighter Riſe.
Theſe ſtill dart forth their full Meridian Light
(Without one Cloud, without ſucceſſive Night)
To all thoſe happy Zealots, who embrace
The ſoft Religion of her Heav'nly Face;
Whilſt groſſer Infidels, depriv'd of Senſe,
Want all the num'rous Joys her Charms diſpenſe.

From

From the black Caverns of eternal Night,
When Clouds of riſing gloom oppreſs'd the Light:
Thus *Iſrael* ſtill enjoy'd the chearful Day,
And only *Ægypt*'s native Sons in ſolid Darkneſs lay.

Written on a Letter, *ſent to his* Miſtreſs.

GO, envy'd Lines, poſſeſs a Bliſs far higher
Than I, who ſend you, dare, alaſs! aſpire:
You'll kiſs her balmy Hands, employ her Eyes,
For which your fond Endicter hourly dies.
Prepoſt'rous Fate, to caſt *ſuch* Gifts away
On thoſe, who cannot taſte her bounteous Joy,
Whilſt I, who ſhou'd the mighty Bleſſing prize,
Languiſh to touch her Hands, and gaze upon her Eyes.

To CUPID.

A SONG.

I Know thy Malice, trifling Boy,
Thou wou'd'ſt my Happineſs deſtroy,
Becauſe *Septimius* wounded lies,
Not by thy Darts, but *Acme*'s Eyes.
Shake not at me thy threatning Dart,
But wound the cruel *Acme*'s Heart:
But oh! I fear thy Deity will prove
Too weak to thaw that Icy Maid to Love.

In Praise of Satyr.

WHilst *Saturn* reign'd with his old Golden Face,
An easie Bliss he spread o'er all our Race.
No *Priest*, no *King*, no *State*, no *Partial Law*,
Curb'd Vice and Folly with *unequal Awe*;
But with Success, unclouded Reason strove
To unite all within the Bonds of Love,
And universal Happiness, combin'd
To fix its safe Dominion o'er Mankind.

Then Gods and Men, beneath th' innocuous Shades,
With harmless Flocks, and yet as harmless Maids;
From impious Guilt secure, together lay,
While Love and rural Notes, bless'd all the live-long Day.

But

But when young *Jove* uſurp'd the Heav'nly Crown,
And ſent the pious *Saturn* whirling down,
This univerſal Conſort ſoon gave o'er,
And Reaſon's Harmony was heard no more.
Swift fled the broken Joys o'th' Silver Age,
Swifter their ſad Remains of the next Stage;
Till all born down with the Impetuous Tide
Of Luſt and Envy, Avarice and Pride,
And Follies vaſt, and numerous beſide,
Wiſdom in vain, with the Auxiliary Law,
Unite their force to ſtop the mighty flaw:
The various Law, and Wiſdom's ſurer Rules,
Are brav'd by thriving Knaves, and powerful Fools.
Riches and Pow'r give Innocence, and Brains,
And only little Crimes the Actor ſtain,
Whilſt taller Villainies ſecurely reign.

From

From *Satyr* only cou'd we hope redreſs;
From that alone derive our Happineſs:
All other Helps to proſp'rous Crimes give way,
To Golden Hopes a flatt'ring Homage pay:
Impartial *Satyr* Truth alone can ſway:
For Rogues, whoſe Wealth or Pow'r out-brave the Law,
By juſter *Satyriſts* are kept in awe;
A purple Villain in his ſafeſt hold,
Tho' barricado'd round with mighty Gold,
Can't guard his Crimes from this conſuming Flame,
Nor yet ſecure, from Infamy, his blaſted Name.
Satyr, like Bolts from the great Thunderer ſent,
Strikes Rogues above all other Puniſhment.

A Letter to Walter Moyle, *Esq;*

By A. H. *Esq;*

DEar *Moyle*, bless'd Youth, whose forward Wit pursues
The noble Pleasures, Reason bids thee choose:
Reason, which ruling by the Laws of Sense,
Does a just easie Government dispense;
Quitting those Laws, turns Tyrant, wildly reigns,
By reveal'd projects of distemper'd Brains.
Dear *Moyle*, what shall I fansie now employs
Thy time? What prudent, what well-chosen Joys?
Dost thou with speed the flying Fair pursue?
Beauty leads on, and Pleasure is in view;
Oh! boldly follow, she's reserv'd for you.
Retiring Modesty, and Triumphant Love,
In her warm Breast, a doubtful Combat move:

She

She yields, she yields, I see the blushing Maid
Storm'd from without by you, within betray'd;
By her own Heart, no longer can hold out,
The Victor enters now the long maintain'd Redoubt.
Or to this Joy do choicest Books succeed?
Which you with Judgment choose, with Judgment read;
Searching the ancient Stores of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And bring from thence their useful Treasures home.
Or does some honest, some delightful Friend,
With easie Conversation, recommend
The sparkling Wine, while Wit and Mirth attend?
CONGREVE, the matchless rising Son of Fame,
Whom all Men envy, tho' they dare not blame:
HOPKINS, whose Mind and Muse, both without Art,
Gives him a well fixt Title in your Heart.

DUN-

DUNKAN, whose Wit and Reason each man loves;
Charms us like Beauty, and like Books improves.
EYTON, whom Vice becomes, of Vigour full,
Foe to the *Godly*, Covetous, and Dull.
Thus while in Town so early you possess,
Whatever perfects Life and Happiness;
And in their turns do all the Pleasures know,
Which Learning, Beauty, Friendship can bestow,
In this Retreat, I'm pleas'd in following you
In a wild Maze of Thoughts; and so, dear Friend,
adieu.

A SONG.

By C. H. *Eſq;*

I.

IN all the diſmal Rage of War,
Undaunted and unmov'd I ſtood;
I march'd inſenſible of Fear,
Thro' Storms of Fire, and Show'rs of Blood.

II.

Amidſt the Dangers of the Field,
Defenſive Arms can Aid afford;
Fate finds reſiſtance from the Shield,
And Foes are conquer'd by the Sword.

III.

Here I am left without a Guard,
Helpleſs as naked *Indians*, ſlain;
And fear to ſeize the leaſt Reward,
In lieu of all my mighty pain.

IV.

I dare not ſnatch the ſmalleſt Bliſs,
Such is the awful Love that charms me;
Shou'd I preſume to force a Kiſs,
One angry Glance from her diſarms me.

A SONG.

By the ſame.

I.

WHile others, with the taſte of Bliſs,
The Faith of Loyal Slaves approve;
And oft engage 'em with a Kiſs,
You more unkindly ſtarve my Love.

II.

Soldiers oppreſs'd with too much Toil,
Halt often ere the Battle's done,
'Till having partly ſhar'd the Spoil,
They ſpur with fiercer Courage on.

III.

Thus *Iſrael*'s Hoſt began to faint,
In marching o'er the Deſart Sand,
Their Vigour and their Patience ſpent,
Ere yet they reach'd the promis'd Land.

IV.

But when they ſaw in Show'rs of Rain
The wondr'ous Food profuſely given,
Encourag'd to renew their pain,
They Journey'd on to purchaſe Heav'n.

A Tranſlation out of the Priapeia.

The Complaint of Priapus *for being Veil'd.*

By C. B. *Eſq;*.

TH' Almighty's Image of his Shape afraid,
And hide the nobleſt Part e'er Nature made,
Which God alone ſucceeds in his creating Trade!
The Fall, this *Fig-leav'd* Modeſty began,
To puniſh Woman by obſcuring Man:
Before where-e'er his ſtately Cedar mov'd,
She ſaw, ador'd, and kiſs'd the thing ſhe lov'd.
Why do the Gods their ſeveral Signs diſcloſe;
Almighty *Jove* his Thunderbolt expoſe:
Neptune his Trident, *Mars* his Buckler ſhew,
Pallas her Spear, to each Beholder's View;

And poor *Priapus* be alone confin'd,
T'obscure the Women's God, and Parent of Mankind?
Since free-born Brutes their Liberty obtain;
Long hast thou * Journey-work'd for Souls in vain.
Storm the *Pantheon*, and demand thy Right,
For on this Weapon 'tis depends the Fight.

* *Anima ex Traduce.*

Raw-

Rawleigh's *Ghost in Darkness: Or Truth cover'd with a Veil.*

By Andrew Marvel, *Esq;*

Britannia.

AH *Rawleigh*! when thou didst thy Breath resign
To *Trembling James*, wou'd I had yielded mine.
Cubs didst thou call 'em? Hadst thou seen this Brood
Of *Earls*, of *Dukes*, of *Princes* of the Blood;
No more of *Scottish* Race thou wouldst complain:
Those would be Blessings in this spurious Train.
Awake, arise from thy long bless'd Repose,
Once more with me partake of mortal Woes.

Rawleigh.

What mighty Power hath forc'd me from my reſt?
Ah! mighty Queen, why ſo unſeemly dreſt?

Britannia.

Favoured by Night, conceal'd in this Diſguiſe,
Whilſt the lewd Court in drunken ſlumbers lies,
I ſtole away, and never will return,
Till *England* knows who did her City burn;
Till *Cavaliers* ſuch Favourers be deem'd,
And Loyal Sufferers by the Court eſteem'd;
Till Commons Votes cut Noſes, Guards disband,
Till *Atheiſt* L— ſhall leave this Land;
Till K— a happy Mother ſhall become,
Till *Charles* love Parliaments, and *James* hate
Rome.

Rawleigh.

What fatal Crimes make you for ever flie
Your own Land, Court, and Progeny?

Britannia.

Britannia.

A Colony of *French* poſſeſs the Court,
Pimps, Prieſts, Buffoons, the Privy-Chambers ſport.
Such ſlimy Monſters ne'er approach'd the Throne,
Since *Pharaoh*'s Reign, nor ſo defil'd a Crown:
I'th' ſacred Ears Tyrannic Arts they croak,
Pervert his Mind, and good Intentions choak;
Tell him of Golden *Indies*, Fairy Lands,
Leviathans, and abſolute Commands.
Thus Fairy like, the King they ſteal away,
And in his place a *Lewis* Changeling lay.
How oft would I've him to himſelf reſtor'd;
In's Left the Seal, in's Right Hand plac'd the Sword?
Taught him their uſe, what Danger would enſue
To thoſe that try to ſeparate theſe two?

The Bloody *Scotiſh* Chronicles turn'd o'er,
Shew him how many Kings in purple Gore
Were hurl'd to Hell by learning Tyrant's Lore.
The other day, fam'd *Spencer* I did bring
In loſty Notes, *Tudor*'s bleſs'd Reign to ſing.
How *Spain*'s proud Power her Virgin Arms controul'd,
And Golden Days in peaceful Order rowl'd!
How like ripe Fruit ſhe drop'd from off the Throne,
Full of grey Hairs, good Deeds, and great Renown!
So the *Jeſſean* Hero did appeaſe
Saul's ſtormy Rage, and check'd his Black Diſeaſe;
So the learn'd Bard, with artful Song repreſt
The ſwelling paſſions of his Canker'd Breaſt:
Then to confirm the Cure ſo well begun,
To him I threw this glorious ſetting Sun;

How by the Peoples Love, purſu'd from far,
Set mounted on a bright Triumphant Carr,
Out-ſhining *Virgo*, or the *Julian* Star.
Whilſt in Truth's Mirrour the glad Sun I ſpy'd,
Entred a Dame, bedeck'd with ſpotted Pride;
Four *Flower-de-Luces* in an *Azure* Field,
Her Creſt doth bear the ancient *Gallick* Shield;
By her uſurp'd, ſhe brought a bloody Sword,
Inſcrib'd *LEVIATHAN*, the *Soveraign Lord*;
Her Tow'ry Front a fiery Meteor bears,
From Exhalations, bred of Blood and Tears;
Around her, fierce ravenous Curs complain;
Plague, Death, Slavery, fill her pompous train;
From th' eaſie King ſhe Truths fair mirror took,
Upon the Ground in ſpightful rage it broke,
And frowning thus with proud diſdain ſhe ſpoke.
Are Thred-bare Vertues Ornaments for Kings?
Such poor Pedantic Toys teach Underlings.

Do Monarchs rise by Virtue, or the Sword?
Who e'er grew great by keeping of his word?
Vertue, a *faint Green-Sickness* to brave Souls,
Dastards their Hearts, their active Hands controuls.
Their Rival Gods, Monarchs of th'other World,
This mortal Poyson amongst Princes hurl'd;
Fearing the mighty projects of the Great,
Shou'd drive them from their proud Celestial seat,
If not o'er-aw'd by some new holy cheat.
These pious Frauds too slight t' inslave the Brave,
Are proper Arts the long-ear'd Rout t' enslave.
Bribe hungry Priests to deifie your Might,
To teach your *Will* the only rule of Right,
And sound Damnation to those 'dare deny't.
The Heavens design 'gainst Heaven you should turn,
Then they will fear those Powers they once did scorn;

When

When all the nobler Int'reſt in Mankind,
By Hirelings ſold to you, ſhall be reſign'd,
And by Impoſtures God and Man betray'd,
The Church and State you ſafely may invade:
So boundleſs *Lewis* in full Glory ſhines,
Whilſt your ſtarv'd Power in legal Fetters pines.
Shake off thoſe Baby-bands from your ſtrong Arms,
Henceforth be deaf to the old Witches Charms.
Taſt the Delicious *Sweets* of *SOVERAIGN POWER*;
'Tis *Royal* Game whole Kingdoms to devour.
Three ſpotleſs Virgins to your Bed I'll bring,
A Sacrifice to you, their *God* and *King*:
As theſe grow ſtale, we'll haraſſe humane Kind,
Rack Nature till new Pleaſures ſhe ſhall find,
Strong as your Raign, & beauteous as your Mind.
When ſhe had ſpoke, a confus'd murmur roſe
Of *French*, *Scotch*, *Iriſh*, all my mortal Foes;

Some

Some *Engliſh* too diſguis'd (with ſhame) I ſpy'd,
Brought up by that vile Son-in-Law of *H*——:
With fury drunk, like *Bachanals* they roar,
Down with Magna Charta, that common Whore.
With joynt conſent on helpleſs me they flew,
And from my *Charles* to a baſe Goal me drew;
My reverend Age, expos'd to Scorn and Shame,
To Boys and Bawds they made me publick Game.
Frequent Addreſſes to my *Charles* I ſend,
And my ſad Fate unto his care command;
But his great Soul transform'd by the *French* Dame,
Had loſt all Senſe of Honour, Juſtice, Fame,
And like tam'd *Spinſter* in *Seraglio* ſits,
Beſieg'd by Whores, Buffoons and Baſtard Chits,
Lull'd in ſecurity rowling in his Luſt,
Reſigns his Crown to Angel Querouels truſt.
Mask'd *James*, the *Iriſh* Pagods doth adore,
His Cheiftaine Teague commands on Sea and Shoar.

Thus

Thus the State's night-mar'd by this Helliſh Rout,
And none are left, theſe Furies to caſt out.
Oh! *Vindex* come, and purge this poyſon'd State,
Deſcend, deſcend, e're the Cure grow deſperate.

Rawleigh.

Once more, Great Queen, thy Darling ſtrive to ſave,
Snatch him again from Scandal, and the Grave;
Preſent to's Thoughts his long-ſcorn'd Parliament,
The Baſis of his Throne and Government;
In his deaf Ears ſound his dead Father's Name,
Perhaps that Spell may's erring Soul reclaim:
Who knows what good Effects from thence may
ſpring?
'Tis Godlike Good to ſave a falling King.

Britannia.

Rawleigh, no more, ſo long in vain I've try'd,
The' *S*— from the Tyrant to divide:

As easily learned *Virtuoso*'s may,
With Dog's Blood, his gentle Kind convey
Into the Wolf, and make him Guardian turn
To the Bleating Flock, by him so lately torn.
If this Imperial Isle once taint the Blood,
It's by no powerful Antidote withstood;
Tyrants, like Leprous Kings, for public weal,
Must be immur'd, least their Contagion steal
Over the whole those left of *Jesse*'s Line.
To this firm Law their Scepter did resign.
Shall then this base Tyrannic Brood evade,
Eternal Laws by God and Mankind made?
To the Serene *Venetian* State I'll go,
From her sage Mouth fam'd Principles to know;
With her I Will the Antients wisdom read,
And teach my People in their steps to tread:
By this grand Pattern such a State I'll frame,
Shall darken Story, and ingross lov'd Fame;

Till

Till then my *Rawleigh*, teach our noble Youth
To love Sobriety, and holy Truth;
Watch and preside thou o'er their tender age,
Lest Court Corruptions should their Souls engage:
Tell them how Arts and Arms in thy young days
Employ'd the Youth, nor Tavern, Stews and Plays;
Tell them the generous Scorn they ought to owe
To Flattery, Pimping, and a gaudy Show;
Teach them to scorn a mean, tho' Lordly Name
Procur'd by Lust, by Treachery and Shame;
Make them admire the *Sidneys*, *Talbots*, *Veres*,
Drakes, *Cavendish*, *Baker*, Men void of slavish Fears.
True Sons of Glory, Pillars of the State,
On whose fam'd Deeds, all Tongues, all Writers wait.
When with fresh Ardour their brave Breasts do burn,
Back to my dearest Countty I'll return;

Tarquins

Tarquin's just judge, and *Cæsar*'s equal Peers,
With me I'll bring to dry my Peoples Tears.
Publicola, with healing Wings shall pour
Balms in their wounds, and fleeting Life restore:
Greek Arts, and Roman Arms, in her conjoyn'd,
Shall *England* raise, relieve oppress'd Mankind;
So days bright Sun th' infected Globe did free
From noxious Monster, Hell-born Tyranny
So shall my *England* in a holy War,
In Triumph lead, chain'd Tyrants from afar;
Her true Crusado's shall at last pull down
The *Turkish* Cressant, and the *Persian* Crown;
Freed by thy Labours, fortunate bless'd Isle,
The Earth shall rest, the Heaven shall on us smile,
And this kind secret for Reward shall give,
No Poysonous Monarch on thy Earth shall live.

The

The Loyal SCOT, *by* Cleveland's *Ghost.*

Being a Recantation of his former *Satyr*: Intituled, *The Rebel Scot.*

By Andrew Marvel, *Esq*;

OF the old Heroes, when the Warlike Shades
Saw *Douglas* marching thro' the *Elysian* Glades;
They straight consulting gather'd in a Ring,
Which of their Poets should his Welcome sing:
And as a favourable Penance, chose
Cleveland, on whom they would that Task impose.
He understands, but willingly addrest
His ready Muse to court their welcome Guest.

Much had he cur'd the tumor of his Vein:
He judg'd more clearly now, and ſaw more plain:
For thoſe ſoft Airs had temper'd every Thought,
And of wiſe *Lethe* he had took a Draught.
Abruptly he began, diſguiſing Art,
As of his *Satyr* this had been a Part.

Not ſo, brave *Douglas*, on whoſe lovely Chin,
The early down but newly does begin;
And modeſt Beauty yet his Sex did veil,
While envious Virgins hope he is a Male.
His ſhady Locks turn back themſelves to ſeek,
Nor other Courtſhip know but to his Cheek:
Oft as he in Chill *Eske*, or *Sien* by Night,
Heard'ned with cold thoſe Limbs, ſo ſoft, ſo white,
Amongſt the Reeds, to be eſpy'd by him,
The Nymphs would ruſtle; he would forward ſwim;

They

They ſigh'd, and ſaid, Fond Boy, why ſo untame,
That fly'ſt Love's Fire, reſerv'd for other Flame?

Firſt, on his Ship he fac'd that horrid Day,
And wondred much at thoſe that ran away;
Nor other Fear himſelf could comprehend,
Than leſt Heav'n fall ere thither he aſcend,
But entertains the while his time ſo ſhort,
With birding at the *Dutch*, as if in Sport;
Or waves his Sword, and could he them conjure
Within its Circle, knows himſelf ſecure.

The fatal Barque him Boards, with grapling Fire,
And ſafely thro' the Port the *Dutch* retire;
That precious Life he yet diſdains to ſave,
Or with known Art to try the gentle Wave:
Much him the Honours of his ancient Race
Inſpire, nor would he his own Deeds deface;

And ſecret Joy in his calm Soul doth riſe,
That *Monk* looks on to ſee how *Douglas* dies.

Like a glad Lover, the fierce Flame he meets,
And tries his firſt Embraces in their Sheets:
His Shape exact, which the bright Flames infold,
Like the Sun's Statue ſtands of burniſh'd Gold.
Round the Tranſparent Fire about him glows,
As the clear Amber on the Bee does cloſe;
And as on Angels Heads their Glories ſhine,
His burning Locks adorn his Face divine.

But when on his Immortal Mind he felt
His alt'ring form, and ſold'red Limbs to melt;
Down on the Deck he laid himſelf, and dy'd
With his dear Sword repoſing by his ſide,
And on the flaming Plank he reſts his Head,
Like one that huggs himſelf in his warm Bed;

The

The Ship burns down, and with his Reliques ſinks,
And the ſad Stream beneath his Aſhes drinks.

Fortunate Boy, if e'er my Verſe may claim
That matchleſs Grace, to propagate thy Name;
When *Oeta* and *Alcides* are forgot,
Our *Engliſh* Youth ſhall ſing the valiant *Scot*.

Shall not a Death, ſo generous, now when told,
Unite our Difference, fill the Breaches old;
Such in the *Roman Forum*, *Curtius* brave,
Galloping down, clos'd up the gaping Cave.
No more diſcourſe of *Scotch* and *Engliſh* Race,
Nor chant the fabulous hunt of *Chevy-Chaſe*;
Mixt in *Corinthian* Metal by thy noble Flame,
Our factions melting thy *Coloſſus* frame.

Prick down the point, whoever hath the art,
Where Nature, *Scotland* doth from *England* part:
Anatomists may sooner fix the Cells,
Where Life resides, or Understanding dwells.
Yet this we know, tho' that exceeds our skill,
That whosoever separates them, does ill.
Will you the *Tweed*, that sudden Bounder call,
Of Soyle, of Wit, of Manners, and of all?
Why draw we not as well the thrifty Line
From *Thames*, *Trent*, *Humber*, or at least the *Tyne*?
So may we the State-Corpulence redress,
And little *England*, when we please, make less.

What *Ethick* River is this wond'rous *Tweed*,
Whose one side Vertue, t'other Vice doth breed?
Or what new Perpendicular does rise
Up from the Stream, continued to the Skies;

That

That between us the common Air ſhould barr,
And ſplit the Influence of ev'ry Star?
But who conſiders right, will find indeed,
'Tis *Holy Iſland* parts us, not the *Tweed*.
Tho' Kingdoms joyn, yet *Church* will *Kirk* oppoſe;
The *M——res* ſtill divide, the *Crown* does cloſe.

As in *Rogation* Week they whip us round,
To keep in mind the *Scotch* and *Engliſh* bound.
The World in all does but two *Nations* bear;
The *Good*, the *Bad*, and thoſe mixt ev'ry where:
Under each *Pole*, place either of the two,
The *Bad* will *baſely*, *Good* will *bravely* do;
And few indeed can parallel our Climes,
For *Works Heroick*, or *Heroick Crimes*.
The Tryal would however be too nice,
Which ſtronger were, a *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Vice;

Or whether the ſame Vertue wou'd reflect
From *Scotch* or *Engliſh* Heart the ſame effect.

NATION is all but Name, a *Shibboleth*,
Where a miſtaken Accent cauſes Death:
In *Paradiſe*, Names onely Nature ſhow'd;
At *Babel*, Names from Pride and Diſcord flow'd;
And ever ſince, Men with a *Female* ſpight,
Firſt call each other Names, and then they fight.
Scotland and *England* cauſe of juſt uproar?
Do Man and Wife ſignifie *Rogue* and *Whore*?
Say but a *Scot*, and ſtraight they fall to ſides,
That ſyllable like a *Pict's-wall* divides.

Rational Mens words Pledges are of Peace,
Perverted, ſerve diſſenſion to increaſe:
For ſhame extirpate from each worthy Breaſt,
That ſenſeleſs Rancour againſt Intereſt.

One

One King, one Faith, one Language, and one Isle;
England and *Scotland*, all but Cross and Pile:
CHARLES, our great Soul, this only understands,
He our Affections both, and Will commands;
He, where Twin-Sympathies cannot atone,
Knows the last Secret how to make us one.

Just so the prudent Husband-man, that sees
The idle Tumult of his factious Bees;
The Morning Dews, and Flowers neglected grown,
The Hive a Comb-ease, ev'ry Bee a Drone;
Covers them o'er, till none discern his Foes,
And all themselves in Meal and Friendship lose;
The *Insect Kingdom* straight begins to thrive,
And each work Honey for the common Hive.

Pardon, young *Hero*, this my long Transport;
Thy Death more nobly did the same exhort;

My

My former *Satyr* for this Verſe forget;
My fault againſt my Recantation ſet:
I ſingly did againſt a Nation write;
Againſt a Nation thou didſt ſingly fight:
My differing Crime does more thy Vertue raiſe,
And ſuch my Raſhneſs beſt thy Valour praiſe.

Here *Douglas* ſmiling ſaid, he did intend,
After ſuch Frankneſs ſhown, to be his Friend;
Forewarn'd him therefore, leaſt in time he were
Metempſychos'd into ſome *Scotch* Presbyter.

To

To the Memory of the most Illustrious Prince GEORGE, *Duke of* Buckingham.

WHEN the Dread Summons of commanding Fate
Sounds the last Call at some proud Palace Gate;
When both the Rich, the Fair, the Great, and High,
Fortune's most darling Favourites must die;
Straight at the Alarm the busie Heraulds wait,
To fill the solemn Pomp, and mourn in State.
Scutcheons and Sables then make up the show,
Whilst on the Hearse the mourning Streamers flow,
With all the Rich Magnificence of Woe.
If Common Greatness these just Rites can claim,
What nobler Train must wait on *Buckingham*!

When

When so much wit, Wit's great Reformer dies;
The very Muses at thy Obsequies,
(The Muses, that Melodious cheerful Quire,
Whom Misery cou'd ne'er untune, nor tire;
But chirp in Rags, and even in Dungeons sing,)
Now with their broken Notes, and flagging wing,
To thy sad Dirge their murm'ring Plaints shall bring.
Wit, and Wit's God, for *Buckingham* shall mourn,
And his lov'd Lawrel into Cypress turn.

Nor shall the nine sad Sisters only keep
This mourning day; even Time himself shall weep,
And in new Brine his Hoary Furrows steep.
Time, that so much must thy great Debter be,
As to have borrow'd even new Life from thee;
Whilst thy gay Wit has made his sullen Glass,
And tedious Hours with new-born Raptures pass.

What

What tho' black Envy with her Ranc'rous Tongue,
And Angry Poets in imbitter'd Song,
(Whilſt to new Tracks, thy boundleſs Soul aſpires,)
Charge thee with roving Change, and wand'ring Fires.
'Twas byaſs'd Anger did thy Vertue wrong,
Thy Wit a Torrent for the Banks too ſtrong;
In twenty ſmaller Rills o'er-flow'd the Dam,
Tho' the main Channel ſtill was *Buckingham*.

Let Care the buſie States-man overwhelm,
Tugging at th' Oar, or Drudging at the Helm;
With labouring Pain ſo half-ſoul'd Pilots plod;
Great *Buckingham* a ſprightlier Meaſure trod,
When o'er the mounting waves the Veſſel rode:
Unſhock'd by Toyls, by Tempeſts undiſmay'd,
Steer'd the great Bark, and as that danc'd he play'd.

Nor

Nor Bounds thy Praiſe to *Albion*'s narrow Coaſt,
Thy Gallantry ſhall foreign Nations boaſt:
The Gallick Shoar, with all the Trumps of Fame,
To endleſs Ages ſhall reſound thy Name,
When *Buckingham*, Great *CHARLES* Embaſſador,
With ſuch a Port the Royal Image bore;
So near the Life th'Imperial Copy drew,
As even the Mighty *Louis* cou'd not view
With wonder only, but with Envy too:
His very *Fleur de Lyſes* fainting Light,
Half Droop'd to ſee the *Engliſh Roſe* ſo bright.

Let Groveling Minds of Nature's baſeſt Mould,
Hug and adore their deareſt Idol Gold.
Thy nobler Soul did the weak Charms deſie,
Diſdain'd the Earthy Droſs to mount more high.
Whilſt humbler Merit oh Court Smiles depends,
For the gilt ſhow'r, in which their *Jove* deſcends;

Thou

Thou mount'ſt to Honour for a braver end;
What others borrow, thou cam'ſt there to lend.
Did'ſt ſacred Vertues naked ſelf adore,
And left'ſt her Portion for her ſordid Wooer.
The poorer Miſer, how doſt thou outſhine,
He the World's Slave, but thou haſt made it thine.
Great *Buckingham*'s Exalted Character,
That in the Prince liv'd the Philoſopher.
Thus all the Wealth thy generous Hand has ſpent,
Shall raiſe thy Everlaſting Monument:
So the fam'd *Phœnix* builds her dying Neſt,
Of all the richeſt Spices of the *Eaſt*:
Then the heap'd Maſs, prepar'd for a kind Ray,
Some warmer Beam of the great God of day,
Does in one hallow'd Conflagration burn,
A precious Incenſe to her Funeral Urn.
So thy bright Blaze felt the ſame Funeral Doom,
A Wealthier Pile than old *Mauſolus* Tomb.

Onely

Onely too great, too proud to imitate,
The poorer *Phœnix* more ignoble Fate:
Thy Matchleſs Worth all Succeſſors defies,
And ſcorn'd an Heir ſhould from thy Aſhes riſe;
Begins, and finiſhes that Glorious Sphear,
Too mighty for a ſecond Charioteer.

The

The two ways Regulus *the* Roman *was put to Death by the* Carthaginians.

WHen the bold *Carthaginian*
Fought with *Rome* for Dominion,
Little *Reg* was ta'ne in the Quarrel;
They led him up Hill,
And ſore 'gainſt his Will,
They tumbled him down in a Barrel.

The other way.

When the bold *Carthaginian*
Fought with *Rome* for Dominion,
Little *Reg* was ta'ne in the ſtrife;
When his Eye-lids they par'd,
Good Lord how he ſtar'd!
And cou'd not go to ſleep for his Life.

Cælia's *Welcome into the Country from the Hurry of the Town.*

WElcome, fair *Cælia*, to this calmer Cell,
Where, now thou'rt here, ten thousand Graces dwell.
Thus *Jove* once came into th' *Arcadian* Plain,
And lodg'd his Godhead with an humble Swain.
Thus came bright *Venus* to *Anchises* Bed,
And thus from busie Heav'n to her *Adonis* fled;
Amidst the smiling Lawns, and silent Groves,
To feast with undisturb'd Delight, the happy Youth she loves.
Thus you, dear Maid, to my poor Cell repair;
So like the Gods, in all you do, you are.
Oh! that our Bodies cou'd more close unite,
Than those of *Salmacis* and *Aphrodite*!

No

No more then shou'd I sigh, no more complain,
No more in absence be consum'd with Pain:
Believe me, *Cælia*, all the time you're gone,
My anxious Days, and sleepless Nights, make one
continu'd Moan:
For as a Turtle that has lost its Mate
In murmuring Coo's condemns its cruel Fate;
Pensive I wander thro' the conscious Grove,
To find the Truant Fugitive, my Love;
But when my fond pursuit is fruitless made,
My mournful Sighs, fill all the lonely Shade.
Thy *Presence* all my bootless Sighs destroys,
And blest with thee, I hope no vaster Joys.
No, give *Cælia*, give me all thy Heart,
Full of those mighty Raptures you impart:
When I lie panting on thy throbbing Breast,
And let the fond *Enthusiast* freely take the rest.

De Cælia & Cupidine.

Vidit Amor dominam; ſtupuit, cecidêre ſagittæ;
Armavit ſeſe Cælia, *fugit amor.*

Engliſh'd thus:

Love *Calia* ſaw, and down his Arrows threw,
She arm'd her ſelf, th'aſtoniſh'd God withdrew.

Mentulæ verba ad Dominam.

Hei mihi! quam variis diſtringor, Lesbia, *Fatis!*
Uror, & à noſtro manat ab igne Liquor.
Sum Nilus, *ſumq;* Ætna *ſimul; reſtringite Flammas,*
O Lachrymæ; aut Lachrymas ebibe, flamma, meas.

A Familiar Dialogue betwixt Strephon *and* Sylvia.

By the late Lord *Rocheſter.*

STREPHON.

SYLVIA ne'er deſpiſe my Love,
For *COLON*'s mightier Dart,
My Force and Vigour you ſhall prove,
Will reach your panting Heart.
To Fools ſuch Monſters Nature ſends,
For want of Brains, a dull amends.

SYLVIA.

Content your ſelf with what's your due;
Him you excell in Wit 'tis true,
But *COLON* has his Merits too.

Wit is but Words, and Words but Wind,
That dallies with a wanton Mind;
As *Zephyr*'s gentle Breezes play,
With my extended Limbs in *May*:
But you methinks, sweet Sir, shou'd know,
'Tis *Substance* that prevails below.
To each then his just dole I'll give,
With you I'll talk, with him I'll—
Your Wit shall raise my strong Desires,
And he shall quench their raging Fires.
Thus both your Merits I'll unite,
You shall my Ear, her please my Appetite.

STREPHON.

This said, with speed the curs'd Bitch retir'd,
And left me with just Indignation fir'd;
But taught in Woman's prostituted Schools,
That Men of Wit, but Pimp for —— Fools.

Against

Againſt, and for Life.

Aut non naſci, aut quam citiſſime mori.

—'Tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it,
With double pomp of Sadneſs.

BEneath the mournful Yew, oppreſs'd with Grief,
Sylvanus thus deplor'd the Woes of Life.

Oh *Life*! thou Ill, that all our Sorrows braves,
Thou Carnaval of Fools, thou Mart of Knaves!
Oh *Life*! thou pedling Shop of wretched Toys,
Tedious thy Pains, but ſwift are all thy Joys.
(For ſo Men call the Intervals of Woe)
We hope thy Pleaſures, but thy Pains we know.
Thou Soveraign Ill, which fond Opinion guards
With endleſs Tortures, and as long Rewards;

VIRTUE was form'd by Hypochondriac Brains,
To patch thy *tatter'd Eaſe*, and ſooth thy raging
Pains;
But like ill Med'cines by worſe Quacks apply'd,
It but inflam'd, and made the Wounds more wide.
Th'impoſing Cinic *Virtue* vainly ſtrove,
From ſmooth to rugged Paths, to make us move:
Few Proſelytes it had, yet made thoſe Slaves
To rich imperious Fools, and ſordid thriving Knaves.
'Till by oppoſing ſtill the common Stream,
It loſt its ſubſtance, and now's only Name.

Next *GRACE* advanc'd, and with an Air divine,
Reſolv'd corrupted Nature to refine;
Whate'er it was in its robuſter Age,
It does but weakly now its Foes engage.
GRACE faintly ſtrives againſt our wild Deſires,
NATURE thruſts on amain, and routed *Grace* retires.

When-

Whene'er they meet *This* still to that gives place,
So strong is NATURE, *and so weak is* GRACE;
The only Good in this alone does lie,
Not to be born, or soon as born to die.
Strephon the Gay, who heard his Friend complain,
Advanc'd, and thus essay'd to ease his Pain.

For an Ill we can't help, 'tis a Madness to grieve,
And if Life's an Ill, but a span 'tis we live;
Then prithee, fond Shepherd, no more of this Sorrow,
Let's leave these sad Shades, and to *London* to morrow;
Where we'll drown this prepost'rous whimsey of Thinking,
In laughing and play in Love, and good drinking.

If

If *Cynthia* prove coy, let her pine for her folly;
We'll laugh at her Pride, and defie Melancholy;
Since for the dull Chink, honeſt *C*—*l* or *B*—*n*,
With Nymphs fair as ſhe, and more loving, can fit one;
Nymphs brighter than Gold, more ſparkling than Wine,
Whom their *Trade*, and their *Form* for Pleaſure deſign.
If Life be an Ill, good Faith, never ſpare it,
Give its Nights to ſoft *Love*, and its Days to brisk Claret.

On

On FORTUNE.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

FOrtune made up of Toys, and Impudence,
That common Jade, that has not common Sense;
But fond of Business, insolently dares
Pretend to rule, yet spoils the World's Affairs.
She flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws
On the next met, not minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps, or injures knows;
Sometimes she Smiles, then like a Fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but Fools and Knaves:
Let her love whom she please, I scorn to wooe her.
While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
But if she offers once to move her Wings,
I'll fling her back all her vain Gewgaw things;

And

And Arm'd with Virtue will more Glorious ſtand,
Than if the Bitch ſtill bent at my Command:
I'll marry Honeſty, tho' ne'er ſo poor,
Rather than follow ſuch a dull blind Whore.

On a Lewd Scotch *Parſon.*

By Mr. Dennis.

A Canting *Scot* in thy vile Sermons preaches,
By thy lewd Life the Devil his Doctrine teaches;
Thy Flock is damn'd; for what confounded Sot
Will not believe the Devil before the *Scot*?

The Enjoyment.

By the Marquess of M.

SInce now my *Sylvia* is as kind as fair,
Let Wit and Joy succeed my dull Despair.
Oh! what a Night of Pleasure was the last!
A large Reward for all my Torments past;
And on my Head, if future Mischiefs fall,
This happy Night shall make amends for all:
Twelve was the happy Minute that we met,
And on her Bed were close together set;
Tho' list'ning Spies might be perhaps too near,
Love fill'd our Hearts, there was no room for Fear.
Now whilst I strove her melting Heart to move,
With all the powerful Eloquence of Love;
In her fair Face I saw the Colour rise,
And an unusual softness in her Eyes;

Gently

Gently they look, and I with Joy, adore
That only Charm they never had before.
The Wounds they gave her Tongue was wont to heal,
But now these gentle Enemies reveal
A Secret, which that Friend would fain conceal.
What she forbids, Love does by Signs command,
Languishing Looks, and pressing close my Hand,
And I her Cypher quickly understand.
My Eyes transported too with Amorous rage,
Seem'd fierce with Expectation to engage:
But fast she holds her Hands, and close her Thighs,
And what she longs to do, with frowns denies.
A strange Effect on foolish Woman wrought,
Bred in *Disguises*, and by *Custom* taught.
Custom, that all the World to Slavery brings,
The dull Excuse for doing silly things.

Custom,

Cuſtom, which Wiſdom ſometimes over-rules,
But ſerves inſtead of *Reaſon* to the Fools:
So *Sylvia* by the Method of her Sex,
Is forc'd a while her ſelf and me to vex.
But now; when thus we have been ſtruggling long,
My Strength grows weak, and her Deſire grows ſtrong.
How can ſhe chuſe but let the Conqueror in?
He ſtrives without, and Love betrays within.
Her Hands, at laſt, to hide her Bluſhes, leave
The Fort unguarded, ready to receive
My fierce Aſſaults, made with a Lover's haſt,
Like Lightening piercing, and as quickly paſt.
Thus does fond Nature with her Children play,
Firſt ſhews us Joy, then ſnatches it away.
'Tis not exceſs of Pleaſure makes it ſhort,
The pain of Love's as raging as the ſport;

And yet alas! that lasts, we sigh all night,
With Grief, but scarce one Minute with Delight.
Some little pain might check her kind desire,
But not enough to make her once retire.
Maid's Wounds for Pleasure bear, as Men for praise,
Here Honour heals, there Love their smart allays.
The World (if just) would harmful Courage blame,
And this more innocent Reward with Fame.
When she reflects upon her conquered Womb,
So many Terrors past, and Joys to come;
Whose Harbingers did roughly all remove,
To make great room for great Luxurious Love;
Pleas'd with the mighty Guest her Arms embrace
My Body, and her Hands a better place;
Which with one touch, so pleas'd, and proud does grow,
It swells beyond the Grasp that makes it so;

Confinement scorns in any straiter Walls,
Than those of Love, where it contented falls;
Tho' twice overthrown, he more inflam'd does rise,
And will to the last Drop fight out the Prize:
She like some Amazon in Story proves,
That overcomes the Heroe, whom she loves.
In the close Fight she took so great delight,
She then could think of nothing but the Fight;
With Joy she laid him panting at her Feet,
But with no less did his Recovery meet:
Her trembling Hand first gently rais'd his Head,
She almost dies for fear that he is dead:
Then binds his Wounds up with a busie Hand,
And with that Balm enables him to stand;
Till by her Love she conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than she did before;
Tho' fallen from the top of Pleasures Hill,
With Longing Eyes we look up thither still;

Still thither our unwearied Wishes tend,
Till we that height of Happiness ascend
By gentle steps; the Ascent it self exceeds
All Joy, but only that to which it leads.
First, then so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if like Doves we knew no other Bliss;
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
Whilst wanton Hands are pleas'd no less than they.
Thus cling'd together now a while we rest,
Breathing our Souls into each other's Breast:
Then give a gentle Kiss of all our Parts,
While this best way we make a change of Hearts.
Here would my Praise, as well as pleasure dwell;
Enjoyment's self I scarce like half so well:
The little this comes short in Rage and Strength,
Is largely recompenc'd with endless Length.

This

This Pleaſure would remain, if we could ſtay,
But Love's too eager to admit delay,
And hurries us with Speed ſo ſmooth away.
Now wanton in our Joys we nimbly move
Our Pliant Hands in all the ſhapes of Love;
Our Motions, not like that of perter Fools,
Whoſe active Body ſhews their heavy Souls;
But Sports of Love, in which the willing Mind,
Makes Men as able as their Hearts are kind;
That Love would eaſe us of our eager Fire,
Which, with ſuch active Zeal we now require;
At laſt we force that Bleſſing we deſire.
In Women's Mynes Men labour with great pain,
And thus we Heav'n with Violence obtain.
Oh! Heav'n of Love, thou Moment of Delight!
Wrong'd by my words, my Fancy does thee Right.
Methinks I lie all melting with her Charms,
And faſt lock'd up within her Legs and Arms.

Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on Fire,
Juſt labouring in the pangs of fierce Deſire,
At once, like Miſers, wallowing in their Store,
In full Poſſeſſion, yet deſiring more.

Life.

LIFE.

By Mr. Motteux.

WHile Frantick Winds with Fury blow,
And Plough, and shake the fickle Main,
The working Billows swell, with dreadful noise they flow,
To Vales and Hills they turn the liquid Plain:
Their oozy Beds profoundest Waters leave,
As if the Sea's proud Brood, like Earth's, wou'd try
T'extinguish and confound the Glories of the Sky.
Their bold Gygantic Heads they proudly heave,
O'er Mountains rival Mountains soar,
And foam, and rave, with horrid Roar;
But soon each following surge its leading surge controuls,
Successively push'd on, the fluid Mountain rowls,
And dash'd and spent, dies on the Shoar;

Buried and loſt in th' univerſal Tomb,
Its vaſt maternal Womb.

So in *Life*'s dubious Courſe,
Wild Fortune's ſhocks the Soul diſturb,
With their impetuous Force;
Swell'd by its Pow'r, the Paſſions rage,
No bounds the ſoaring Will can curb;
Preſumptuous Minds dare Heav'n engage:
But crowding Years puſh on, and forwards drive,
Till hurried on, vain Men arrive
On Death's inevitable Coaſt,
Where all, diſſolv'd to duſt, in Nature's Maſs are loſt.

The FLEA, *out of* Ovid.

THou little Insect, canst thou prove
So great an Enemy to Love,
Thus to molest the beauteous She,
Whose Frame was spotless, but for Thee?
I've trac'd the Footsteps of thy Wrong,
And now pursue thee with my Song.

Base Vermin! that delight'st in Blood,
And juicy Virgins are thy Food;
Those Spots, the Trophies thou hast won,
Now seem to blush for what is done;
And when thy Gorge is fill'd with Gore,
(Her Veins contain the richest Store;)
Thou *Maudlin* shed'st repenting Tears,
Black as thy self, their Stain appears:

Thou doſt invade her ſlumb'ring Hours,
And robb'ſt her Reſt, as ſhe does ours;
'Tis then thou wand'reſt o'er the Plain,
Where we employ our Thoughts in vain;
Her Lips, Breaſts, Knees, Thighs, all is free,
As free as open Air to thee.

It grieves me, when I think that Bliſs,
Without Fruition, ſhould be leſs;
While on her Couch th'extended Dame,
Wiſhing a Partner of her Flame,
Juſt as ſhe dies, when none is nigh,
Thou boldly doſt attack here Thigh;
Nay, impudently dar'ſt t'invade
The ſweet Receſs for others made;
Improvidently, without Guſt,
Thou'rt made a Denizon of Luſt.

Now

Now let me periſh, but my Foe
Is much the happieſt thing I know;
Thy ſhape, tho' ſtrange, muſt be the Dreſs,
To which *Orinda* gives acceſs:
Thus mask'd, I ſhall diſcover more,
Than all my Courtſhip did before.

If Nature wou'd transform my Shape,
And ſuffer me to be thy Ape;
But on condition, to reſtore
The Features which I had before;
I'd try if Magic Charms could move
Such wonderful Effects of Love.
If Med'cines be as ſtrong as they,
I'll preſently commence a *Flea*;
And what *Medea*'s Charms have done,
Or *Circe*'s Druggs, is fully known.

Suppoſe

Suppose the Change——this Pilgrim dress,
Conveys me to the Goal of Bliss;
Upon th'extremities I stand,
And thence survey the Promis'd Land.
With silence and with haste I strove
To shade me in the sacred Grove;
Where unperceiv'd, and acting nought
Of Harm, save what was in my Thought;
I break the Chains of my Disguise,
And Manhood Shoots between her Thighs
Perchance the Dame with Fear oppress,
Will call me Monster, Villain, Beast;
Threatning to call aloud for Aid,
When squeamish Honour is betray'd;
Then if Intreaties fail, must I
Dwindle into a Pensive Fly.

When

When that is o'er another Scene,
Preſents me in the Liſts agen;
Then I invoke the *Cyprian* Dame,
To be propitious to my Flame;
And all the Heav'nly Pow'rs t'expreſs
Their Care of Lovers in Diſtreſs;
Sighs, Pray'rs, and gentle Force combine,
To make the coy *Orinda* mine;
She to my Wiſhes yields her Charms,
And hugs the Turn-coat in her Arms.

To SYLVIA: *An Excuse for having lov'd another in her Absence.*

By Mr. Dennis.

I Never was inclin'd to range,
Till you from Love and me did fly;
Your cruel Absence made me change,
And for a meaner Beauty die.

Me an inferiour Beauty fir'd,
Her Eyes supply'd your absent Eyes;
So when the radiant Sun retir'd,
Earth's short-liv'd Fire the God supplies.

But when his everlaſting Rays
Again ſhine forth divinely bright;
Strait Elemental Fire decays
Half quencht by Golden Streams of Light.

To *Phœbus* then we turn and gaze,
And the deſcending God admire;
And let, to bask in his bright Blaze,
Our glimmering ſickly Flames expire.

Abroad to meet his Beams we run,
Beams that revive us as they burn;
Alternate Breaths ſuck in the Sun,
Alternate Breaths his Praiſe return.

Whoe'er too much that Pow'r can praiſe,
By which he lives, by which he ſings:
Hail! thou that doſt inſpire my Lays,
Thou brighteſt of refulgent things.

Thou warm'ſt my Heart, and chear'ſt my Eye,
With Godlike Hints thou fir'ſt my Soul;
When thou art abſent, ſtill I die,
Thy Motions all my Life controul.

Theſe two laſt Stanza's (*ſays my Friend*)
Meant of the Sun, are hardly true;
But nothing juſter e'er was penn'd,
If, *Sylvia*, they were meant of you.

No true Love between Man *and* Woman.

NO, no,—'tis not Love—You may talk till
Dooms day,
If you tell me 'tis more than meer Satisfaction;
I'll never believe a Tittle you say,
Tho' *Baxter* and *Oates* were the Heads of your
Faction.

The Poets therefore were a number of Owls,
To make such a stir with a Baby-face God;
While they set poor *Priapus* to scare the wild
Fowls,
That rules with a far more Scepter-like Rod.

'Tis true, he may ſometimes be blindly put to't;
But the Bow and the Arrows are ſurely his due;
For when that his Arrows are ready to ſhoot,
They make the more pleaſing wound of the two.

'Twas he was the Father of all the Graces;
For he's the beginning and end of our wooing;
Your Smiles, and your Ogles, and alluring Grimaces;
They all do but end in Feeling and Doing.

When a Man to a Woman comes creeping and his cringing,
And ſpends his high Raptures on her Noſe and her Eyes;
'Tis *Priapus* inſpires the Talkative Engine,
And all for the ſake of her lilly white Thighs.

Your

Your Vows and Protests, your Oaths all and some,
Ask *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, both Learned and Smart;
They'll tell you the place from whence they all come,
Is half a Yard almost below the Heart.

There's nothing but Vertue the Object of Love;
Nor Beauty nor Colour Love minds in the least:
They're only the Idols of Pleasure, by *Jove*,
Where th'Altar's Desire *Priapus* High Priest.

Your Lips, and your Eyes, with their Diamonds and Coral,
Are only like Capers and Samphire in Pickle;
For talk what you please, 'tis her Men adore all,
That has the best Fiddle *Priapus* to tickle.

Now if she be rich, 'tis the Portion he'd have,
Or a Coach and fine Cloaths, that her Love do encourage;
But alas! if either do either deceive,
Love presently cools like a Mess of Beef Porridge.

Then if this be your Love, the Devil take Love,
Where Self-Satisfaction is all the design:
But let me have that which all Men approve,
An Angel in Purse, and a Glass of good Wine.

A Satyr against *Poetry.*

In a Letter to the Lord D.——

LET my Endeavours, as my Hopes, depend
On you, the Orphan's Trust, the Muse's Friend:
The Great good Man, whose kind Resolves declare
Vertue and Verse, the Object of your Care,
When hungry Poets now abdicate their Rhimes,
For some more darling Folly of the Times.
S———*l* and —— I here forbear to name,
Condemn'd to Lawrel, tho' unknown to Fame:
Recanting *S*—*tle* brings the tuneful Ware,
Which wiser *Smithfield* damn'd to *Sturbridge*-Fair;
Protests his Tragedies, and Libels fail
To yield him Paper, Penny-Loaves, and Ale;

And bids our Youth by his Example fly,
The Love of Politicks and Poetry;
And all Retreats, except *New-hall*, refuse,
To shelter tuneful *D*——'s Jockey Muse.

Is there a Man to these Examples blind,
To chinking Numbers fatally enclin'd;
Who by his Muse, wou'd purchase Meat and Fame,
And in th' next Miscellanies plant his Name?
Were my Beard grown, the wretch I'd thus advise;
Repent, fond Mortal, and be timely wise.
Take heed, be not by gilded Baits betray'd,
Clio's a Jilt, and *Pegasus* a Jade.
By Verse you'll starve, *John* Saul* could never live,
Did not the *Bell-man* make the *Poet* thrive.
Go rather to some little Shed, near *Paul*'s,
Sell *Chevy-Chase*, and *Baxter*'s *Salve for Souls*.

* The Cambridge *Bell-man, a Poetaster.*

Cry

Cry *Raree-Shows*, ſing *Ballads*, tranſcribe *Vote*:
Be *Carr*, or *Ketch*, or any thing but—*Oats*.

Hold, Sir, ſome Bully of the Muſes cries,
Methinks you're more Satyrical than wiſe.
You rail at *Verſe* indeed, but rail in *Rhyme*,
At once encourage, and condemn the Crime.
—True, Sir, I write, and have a Patron too,
To whom my Tributary Songs are due:
Yet, with your leave, I'd honeſtly diſſwade
Thoſe wretched Men from *Pindus*'s barren Shade.
Who, tho' they tire their Muſe, and rack their Brains
With bluſt'ring Heroes, and with piping Swains,
Can no Great-Patient-giving-Man engage,
To fill their Pockets, and their Title Page.

Were I like theſe, by angry Fate decreed,
By Penny-Elegies to get my Bread,

And want a Meal, unleſs *George Croome* and I
Cou'd ſtrike a Bargain for my Poetry;
I'd damn my Works, to wrap up Soap & Cheeſe,
Or furniſh Squibs for City Prentices
To burn the Pope, and celebrate Queen *Beſs*.
But on your Ruin ſtubbornly purſue,
Herd with the little hungry chiming Crew;
Obtain the airy Title of a Wit,
And be on free-coſt, noiſie in the Pit.
Print your dull Poems, and before 'em place
A Crown of Lawrel, and a Meagre Face;
And may juſt Heav'n thy hated Life prolong,
Till thou (bleſs'd Author) ſeeſt thy deathleſs Song
The duſty Lumber of a *Smithfield* Stall,
And find'ſt thy Picture ſtarch'd to ſtubborn Wall
With *Jonny Armſtrong*, and the *Prodigal*.

And

And to compleat the Curſe ——
When Age and Poverty come faſter on,
And ſad Experience tells thee thou'rt undone;
May no kind Country Grammar-School afford
Ten Pounds a Year for Lodging, Bed and Board:
Till void of any fixt Employ, and now
Grown uſeleſs to the Army and the Plough,
You've no Friend left but truſting Land-lady,
Who ſtows you in kind truckle Garret-high,
To dream of Dinners, and curſe Poetry.

Still I've a Patron, you reply, 'tis true;
Fate, and good Parts, you ſay, may get one too:
Why faith, e'en try, write, flatter, dedicate;
Your Lords, and his fore-Fathers Deeds relate.
Yet know, he'll wiſely ſtrive Ten Thouſand ways,
To ſhun a *Needy Poet*'s fulſom Praiſe.

Nay, to avoid thy Importunity,
Neglect his State, and condescend to be
A Poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee.
Thus from a Patron he becomes a Friend,
Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
Receives your long six Months successless Toil,
And talks of Authors Energies, and Style;
Damns the dull Poems of the scribling Town,
Applauds your Writings, and repeats his own.
Thou Wretch, in Complaisance oblig'd must sit,
Extol his Judgment, and admire his Wit.
Tho' this Poetic Peer perhaps scarce knows,
With jingling Sounds to tagg insipid Prose;
And shou'd be by some honest *Manly* told,
He'd lost his Credit to secure his Gold.

But if thou'rt bleſs'd enough to write a Play,
Without the hungry Hopes of kind third day;
And he preſumes, that in thy Dedication,
Thou'lt fix his Name, nor bargain for his Station;
My Lord, his uſeleſs kindneſs then aſſures,
And vows to th'utmoſt of his Power he's yours;
Likes the whole Plot, and praiſes e'ery Scene,
And play'd at Court, 'twou'd ſtrangely pleaſe the Queen.
And you may take his Judgment ſure, for he
Knows the true Spirit of good Poetry.

All this you *ſee*, and *know*, yet ceaſe to ſhun,
And *ſeeing*, *knowing*, ſtrive to be undone.
So Kidnap'd Slave, when once beyond *Graveſend*,
Rejects the Counſel of recalling Friend;
Is ſold to dreadful Bondage he muſt bear,
And ſee's unable to avoid the Snare.

So

So practis'd Thief, if taken, ne'er diſmay'd,
Forgets the Sentence, and purſues the Trade;
Tho' yet he almoſt feels the ſmoaking Brand,
And ſad *T. R.* ſtand freſh upon his Hand.

The Author then with daring Hopes wou'd ſtrive,
With well-built Verſe, to keep his Fame alive:
And ſomething to Poſterity preſent,
That's very new, and very excellent.
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging Tribe,
Beyond what *BEN* cou'd write, or I deſcribe;
Shou'd in ſubſtantial Happineſs abound,
His Mind with Peace, his Board with Plenty crown'd.
No early Duns ſhou'd break his Learned Reſt,
No ſawcy Cares his nobler Thought-moleſt;
Only th'ent'ring God ſhou'd ſhake his lab'ring Breaſt.

In

In vain we bid dejected *S——tle* hit
The Tragic Flights of Tow'ring *Shakeſpear's* Wit:
He needs muſt miſs the Mark, who's kept ſo low,
He has not Strength enough to draw the Bow.
In vain from our ſtarv'd *Songſters* we require,
The height of *COWLEY's*, and *ANACREON's* Lyre.
In vain we bid them *fill the Bowl*,
Large as their Capacious Soul;
Who, ſince the King was crown'd, ne'er taſted Wine,
But write at Eight, and know not where to dine.
D——t indeed, and *R——r* might write,
For their own Credit, and their Friend's Delight:
Shewing how far they cou'd the reſt outdo,
As in their Fortunes, in their Writings too,
There was a time, when *OTWAY* charm'd the Stage,
OTWAY, the Hope, and Sorrow of the Age:

When

When the full Pit, with pleas'd Attention hung,
Charm'd on each Accent of *Caſtalio*'s Tongue:
With what a Laughter was his *SOLDIER* read?
How mourn'd we, when his *FAFFIER* ſtruck, and bled?
Yet this great Poet, who with ſo much Eaſe
Still drew his Pen, and ſtill was ſure to pleaſe:
The Light'ning is leſs lively than his Wit,
And Thunder-Claps leſs loud, than thoſe o'th' Pit:
Had of his many Wants much earlier dy'd,
But that kind Banker *E*——*n* ſupply'd,
And took for Pawn the Embryo of a Play,
Till he cou'd pay himſelf next full third Day.

Were *Shakeſpear*'s ſelf alive again, he'd ne'er
Degenerate to a Poet from a Player.

For

For now no *Sidneys* will three Hundred give,
That needy *Spencer* and his Fame may live;
None of our poor Nobility can ſend
To his *Kings-Bench*, or to his *Bedlam* Friend.
Chymiſts and Whores by this great Lord were fed,
(Theſe by their honeſt Labours earn'd their Bread;)
But he was never ſo expenſive yet,
To keep a Creature meerly for its Wit.
But now your Yawning prompts me to give o'er,
Your humble Servant, Sir—I've done—no more.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

By Mr. Killingworth.

PUgh *Tom*,——how doſt come by theſe horrid Capriches,
Art aſham'd of thy Face, that thou pull'ſt down thy Breeches?
For what is it elſe, tho' we laugh at the matter,
To quit pretty *Verſion*, and write ſorry *Satyr*?
Thou'dſt done well enough, had'ſt thou ſtuck to pure Rhyming:
Let Slovens mind the Sence, you Beaux's mind the chyming.
Sweet before was thy Fame, but now by dull thinking,
Methinks the Perfume is quite voided in ſtinking.

To the Infinitely lov'd Memory of my Deareſt——

A Paſtoral.

THYRSIS, ALTHÆA.

BEneath a ſilent Grove's diverting Shade;
Where lofty Trees a pleaſant Viſta made;
Thyrſis, and kind *Althæa*, mournful pair,
He Brown, but young, ſhe young, but Heav'nly Fair;
Yet more ally'd in Woes, extended lay,
And in ſad Ditties ſpent the tedious Day:
Melania was their Song, *Melania* late
Arcadia's Glory, whoſe untimely Fate
Drew Floods of Tears from ev'ry Shepherd's Eye,
And rugged Satyrs wept by Sympathy.

Good

Good *Corydon*, who rang'd the Fields and Groves
To fetch the hindmoſt of his ling'ring Droves;
Obſerv'd 'em gazing in a Peaceful Ring,
To hear *Althæa* and her *Thyrſis* ſing;
No Stalls no Fodder miſt, but all around,
Stood exſtaſy'd with the Melodious ſound;
While in Alternate humble Rhymes, to Fame
They conſecrated dear *Melania*'s Name,
And flattering Echoe's airy Notes return'd the ſame.

THYRSIS.

No more let teeming Earth's fair Boſom yield,
Her bloomy Sweets to deck the ſmiling Field;
No more let yonder Stream forſake its Head,
To waſh our fertile Meads; *Melania*'s dead!

ALTHÆA.

Melania's Bosom nobler Sweets could yield,
Than all the various Beauties of the Field;
Soft as these gentle Rills, which round us play,
Not fleeting so, but far more pure than they.

ALTHÆA.

No more let Leaves adorn the drooping Trees,
But on their Boughs eternal Winters freeze;
Let Roses all their blushing Glories shed,
And Lilies hang their Heads. *Melania*'s dead!

THYRSIS.

Melania in her pleasant Youth outvy'd
The leavy Groves in all their verdant Pride:
Ruddy as blushing Roses newly blown,
And by her Whiteness, Lilies lost their own.

THYRSIS.

Heark what a ſullen ſilence ſpreads the Grove,
Once the fair Scene of harmleſs Joys and Love;
The *Sylvan Chorus* tune their Throats no more,
But in ſoft Throbs *Melania*'s Fate deplore.

ALTHÆA.

'Twas here when the Divine *Melania* ſung,
On circling Trees the *Sylvan Chorus* hung
Around her Head, and with her Heav'nly Voice,
In Symphony made Woods and Hills rejoyce.

ALTHÆA.

At large, no more our trembling Lambkins play,
Nor friſking Kids thro' the wild Foreſts ſtray,
Nor has my *Thyrſis* ſeen the ſportive Fawns
Of late, run skipping nimbly o'er the Lawns.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

Safe were our Lambkins, ſafe our Kids and Fawns,
When her bright Eyes ſecur'd the Fields & Lawns;
No ſtrowling Wolves would near our Sheep-Coats ſtray,
But fled like Midnight Ghoſts before the day.

THYRSIS.

Has not *Althæa* ſeen our Milk-white Cow?
How fair her Eyes, how large and ſmooth her Brow;
How gently ſhe wou'd to the Milk-pale come,
Woo'd by her Neighbouring Herds, and lov'd at home.

ALTHÆA.

A ſweeter Beauty fill'd *Melania*'s Eyes,
Her Forehead did with nobler ſmoothneſs riſe;

The gentleſt Shepherdeſs of all the Plain,
Admir'd by Us, and lov'd by every Swain.

ALTHÆA.

Has not my *Thyrſis* ſeen *Lyciſca*'s Care,
How fierce and watchful when the Wolf was near?
How fine and clean her Shape, how fondly kind,
Staunch as thy Loves, and fleeter than the Wind?

THYRSIS.

With gallant Scorn, *Melania* quell'd the Crowd,
O'er-aw'd the Wanton, and ſubdu'd the Proud;
Caſt in the fineſt mold of Nature true,
And ſwift to Goodneſs, and more kind than you.

ALTHÆA.

Where-e'er ſhe came, ſhe raiſed a conſtant Spring,
Rocks turn'd to Paſtures, and our Kine would bring

Their

Their Udders ſtrutting home, our Lambs at large,
With thrifty Fat would their ſmall Limbs o'er charge.
When ſhe went hence the Graſs and Flowers wou'd droop,
The mournful Swains beneath their Cares wou'd ſtoop;
Her chearful Looks our languid Hopes reviv'd,
And in her Preſence ſmiling Nature liv'd.

THYRSIS.

Where-e'er ſhe came, our pregnant Ewes wou'd bear,
Twins for each Quarter of the changing Year;
Our Bee-hives ſoon with nobleſt Sweets o'erflow'd,
And ſhooting Oaks, as if on Tiptoes, ſtood
To ſee their Queen; when ſhe return'd, the Trees
Dropp'd their pale Leaves around the lazy Bees;

Starv'd in their empty Cells, our Flocks decay'd,
And all the Music of the Plaine was laid.

ALTHÆA.

Sweet are our bleating Lambs, and sweet the Cow
Does breathe, and sweetly towards her Fellows low;
Sweet are the tender Grass, and painted Flowers,
And sweet the Field, new dash'd with pearly Showrs;
Sweet are the Banks of yonder Chrystal Stream,
And Virgin Loves are a delightful Theme;
More sweet than all is dear *Melania*'s Name,
Fragrant as Vertue, and more large than Fame.

THYRSIS.

Soft are the Coolings of a gentle Breeze,
To wearied Shepherds; soft the murmuring Trees,
When fann'd with easie Winds, or purling Rills,
Which o'er sharp Stones, the teeming Rock distills;

Soft

Soft are the mournings of the Love-ſick Swain,
Harmleſs the Sports on flow'ry *Tempe's* Plain;
More ſoft, more harmleſs, dear *Melania's* Mind,
From all the Dregs of common Earth refin'd.

ALTHÆA.

Pale Death, alas! has ſnatch'd the lovely Maid;
In a dark Cave the lifeleſs Corps is laid:
Her Cheeks, no Lilies now, no Roſes grace,
But Tyrant paleneſs revels in their place;
While neither Moon, nor Stars, nor Sun can peep
Through the dark Hollows of the waſteful Deep.

THYRSIS.

But when around the doleful News was ſpread,
And the ſad Echoes ſob'd, *Melania's* dead;
The mournful Swains, their Flocks neglected, lay
In Tears all Night, in ſighings all the Day;

The grieving Flocks their sweetest Pastures scorn'd,
And for her Fate their Salvage Tygers mourn'd;
The whisp'ring Woods *Melania*'s Death condol'd;
From Hills to Hills the dismal Tydings roll'd,
And each small Rill, supply'd by weeping Springs,
New Floods still to augment our Sorrow brings.

ALTHÆA.

But sing, my *Thyrsis*, sing, what fatal cause
Precipitated Nature's gentler Laws,
To crop her tender Blossom; had she bow'd
To the sharp Wounds of Love's insulting God?
Had Jealousie e'er rack'd her tender Breast,
Or torturing Grief her native Strength oppress?

THYRSIS.

Rise then, my Muse, mount on a stronger wing,
In loftier Strains, *Melania*'s Vertues sing:

No

No common Loves e'er reach'd her Godlike Soul,
No looser Passions could her Thoughts controul:
Jealous of none, to every Shepherd kind;
Belov'd by all, her self to none confin'd.
Friendship alone, that nobler Love, possest
The soft Recesses of *Melania*'s Breast:
Friendship, that Heav'n on Earth, that sacred Band,
Which does blest Souls, and happy Gods command:
Friendship, that rapid Flame, whose wond'rous heat
Dissolv'd the Pillars of its mouldring Seat;
But swell'd her Soul with an expanded Ray,
Toward the bright Sources of Eternal Day.
Damon, too happy Swain, her Thoughts embrac'd,
And she the first in *Damon*'s Friendship plac'd;
On her kind Bosom *Damon* eas'd his Wooes,
On his *Melivia* did her Soul repose;
Their Tears were oft, and oft their Smiles combin'd,
Their darling Souls thro' friendly Glances join'd:

One

One Grief alone, one Joy, one Soul inform'd,
Their Breasts, one Love their tender Bosoms warm'd.
The Northern World, long lost in Darkness stay,
With less Impatience for returning Day,
Than without *Damon* sweet *Melania* liv'd,
Than for *Melania*'s Absence *Damon* griev'd.

Curs'd be suspicious Brutes, that durst divide
Hearts much by Blood, by Friendship more ally'd.
Curs'd be those narrow Souls, that can't admit
Passions above their crazy Thoughts and Wit.

Damon and kind *Melania* lov'd, it's true,
And to each other's fond Embraces flew;
Their Sympathetic Souls with Ardour met,
No Jealousies their present Joys beset:

But in ſoft Chat they paſt their drowſie time,
And neither knew, nor could ſuſpect a Crime;
So harmleſs Doves with Cooing murmurs meet,
And oft with their repeated Billings greet;
Yet all ſecure from Guilt, they knew no ſhame,
Their Souls ne'er ſwell'd with that impurer Flame;
Condemn'd by Vertue, but with Thoughts as free,
As the firſt Man in the World's Infancy:
They pleas'd each other; not thoſe untaught Smiles,
By which our fearleſs Infant Age beguiles
Scythians of all their Rage; not that bleſt Fire,
Which does the vaſt Superior World inſpire
With never-fading Love, had leſs offence,
Or chaſter Thoughts, or nobler Innocence.

Melania's Boſom, chaſt as that pure Snow,
Which faming Winds from Northern Mountains blow:

No

No untam'd wish e'er knew that Virgin seat,
Thither no modish Follies durst retreat;
But sacred Innocence there built her Nest,
Richer than all the Spices of the East;
Sweeter than Odours from those wond'rous Fires,
Wherein the Phœnix, now full-aged, expires.

Damon's maturer Age to Vertue's Lore,
Submissive long, the deep Impressions bore
Of sweet *Melania*'s Goodness all his Breast;
The fair *Ideas* of her Soul possest;
His Heart no Lawless Fancies e'er could move,
Fill'd with his own *Astræa*'s boundless Love;
Astræa too *Melania*'s Soul possest,
Astræa, with *Melania*'s Love, was blest.
While Love and Friendship *Damon*'s Heart divide,
No Ebb e'er shakes his double rising Tide;

But

But both Poetic, lofty Dreams outflew,
Chaſt as *Aſtræa*'s, as *Melania*'s true.

But jealous Fools diſturb'd their envy'd eaſe,
Nor can the Rules of ſacred Friendſhip pleaſe
Unnurtured Souls, whoſe groveling Fancies rove
Only on ſenſeleſs Luſts, and Brutiſh Love.

And as from that huge Elm, which ſhades our Cell,
Broke by a Storm, the ſpreading Branches fell,
And torn from their old Trunk, and unſupply'd
By native Sap, ſoon dropp'd their Leaves, and dy'd;
So fell *Melania*, ſo the bluſhing Flowers
Of Poppies ſink, oppreſt by haſty Showers:
The Cowſlip ſo, when to the Sithe it yields,
In its own Sweets enbalm'd, perfumes the fragrant Fields.

ALTHÆA.

Such is thy Voice, my *Thyrsis*, such thy Song,
The Verse so easie, and the words so strong,
That should the Gods of Love and Music joyn,
Their Harmony, my dear, must yield to thine.

Not drooping Plants love more the gentle Rains,
Or pretty Nymphs to trip it o'er the Plains,
Or wearied Swains in cooleſt Shades to sleep,
Or *Damon* o'er *Melania*'s Hearse to weep,
Than I to hear my tuneful *Thyrsis* sing,
And to my longing Ears her deareſt Name to bring;
And if just Fame thy Rustic Muse can give,
Or Vertue from Oblivion's force retrieve,
Ever *Melania*'s Love, and Praise, and Name, shall live.

The Tempeſt.

A Fragment.

When the next horrid Scene ſalutes their Eyes,
And nothing they diſcern but Seas and Skies,
Nor theſe too long; for now black Clouds ariſe;
Contending Winds from ſeveral Quarters roar,
And riſing Seas rowl to the foaming Shoar;
The Clam'rous Saylers climb the rattling Shrouds,
And horrid Thunder rends the bellowing Clouds;
Flaſhes of Fire, with their amazing Light,
Strike through the Gloom, and interrupt the Night,
The hideous deep reſtoring to their Sight.

Vows

Vows like themſelves, loſt by the Winds their form,
Their Pilot quits the Helm, their Pilot now's the Storm:
Fate on amain with the next Billow rowls,
A damp like Death, ſtrikes thro' their Limbs, and Horror thro' their Souls.

To

To the Sacred Memory of Charles *the Firſt.*

HAil, Glorious Martyr! Saint triumphant, Hail!
Fix'd now above our ſordid Earth,
Bleſs'd with an immortal Birth,
Lovely, gentle, ſoft and kind,
A Royal, ſtill, and a Seraphic Mind,
Againſt whoſe radiant Head no ſullen Clouds prevail.
Hail, thy great Maſter's parallel!
He too was born a Prince, divinely pure,
From Ills within himſelf ſecure;
But from abroad, purſu'd with all the Storms of Hell.
I ſee, I ſee the wond'rous Infant fly,
Array'd with Godlike Majeſty.

The Winds and Clouds his little Frowns obey;
And bright Angelic Guards attend him all the way;
Thoſe happy Subjects ſtill attend their King,
And all around their Hallelujahs ſing;
With their great Maſter's Lot content,
In an inglorious Baniſhment,
While impious Slaves ſtand of his Throne poſſeſs'd,
By every Fiend ador'd, and every Rebel bleſs'd.

See where the Youth returns! his wond'rous Eyes,
Bright as that Lightſom Orb, which gilds the Skies;
His Shape Divine, ineffable his Face,
Above the Charms of Human Race,
Caſt in a perfect Mould,
The Lines all eaſie, and the Figure bold:

By

By an unerring Artist's Hand design'd,
To represent in Flesh and Blood,
As far as a material Substance could,
The lively Image of his own Almighty Mind;
Cloth'd all with Goodness, and adorn'd with Love,
Wise as the Serpent, harmless as the Dove,
And kind as every Influence above.
At his Command a sudden Calm o'er-spread
The rolling Seas,
And ev'ry fierce Disease
Before him fled,
And with his mighty Voice he rouz'd the slumb'ring Dead.
All Nature to his Hand submissly bow'd,
And Hell it self his sacred Pow'r allow'd,
While with a thousand Miracles he try'd
To cicurate his Rebel's boundless Pride:

Yet all ſo good, ſo kind, ſo free,
As none could e'er effect but he,
The glorious Central point of all the Deity.

But Man, th' unhappy cauſe of his own dreadful Woes,
No bounds of Reaſon or of Prudence knows;
But with a wild unguided Soul,
Does all his own Felicities controul.
And tho' in Shades of horrid Night,
He gropes and pores, and longs for Light,
Yet when it comes, he gapes & ſickens at the ſight
So the fam'd Jewiſh Rabbins wond'ring ſtood,
Cruſh'd and o'erwhelm'd with Good,
Blind with Light's invading Beams,
Drunk with Mercy's flowing Streams,
And mad with their own fenceleſs Dreams,
Not their own Monarchs Rights, or Influence underſtood.

Hark

Hark how they curſe! Hark how the ſlaves revile,
Their Lord, and Ermine Innocence defile!
Oppreſs him with a thouſand Lyes,
A thouſand ſilly Crimes ſurmiſe;
Now in a friendly ſmooth Diſguiſe,
And then as ſurly Enemies,
A thouſand Rebel Arts and Stratagems deviſe;
While he, the Tyrant and the Traytor, ſtands
Obedient to his own Rebellious Slaves commands.
He too the mark of common Scorn was made,
Kiſs'd by a *Judas*, and betray'd,
Charg'd with a fond Deſign,
Their ancient Policies to undermine,
Slily to introduce the *Roman* Power,
And make *Exotic* Rites *Judæan* Schemes devour;
Accus'd, condemn'd, rais'd to the fatal Tree,
Branded with ſhameleſs Infamy,

And Malice ſtill purſu'd his ſacred Name.
Then to be true, or juſt, or kind,
To be to Chriſtian Laws confin'd,
To own their Soveraign Prince, or ſtrive
To keep his Honours, or his Rights alive,
Expos'd to danger, and expos'd to Shame.

But the Day breaks, the ſullen Gloom withdraws;
And Death reſcinds his *Perſo-Median* Laws;
His Bars, his Chains, his Rockey Walls give way,
And jocund Angels bleſs the riſing Day:
Up to the Palace of the Skies,
On humble Clouds the mighty Conqueror flies:
The Crown, the Scepter, and the Throne,
All chang'd; no Croſs, no Reed, no Thorns were
ſeen;
But, with a ſweet Majeſtic Mien,
Fair Love ſtill in his Eyes triumphant ſhone.

None

None preſs'd him now with a mock Purple load,
But Silver Light around him flow'd;
No Wounds, no Gaſhes in his Sides appear'd,
But for his Iron Scepter fear'd.
Nations together daſh'd in pieces flew,
And pale the trembling Parricidal Rabble flew;
No Crimſon Drops fell from his mournful Head,
But ſprightly Beams his radiant Treſſes ſhed,
And o'er the ſpacious Orb a ſolid Glory ſpread,
Their Heav'nly Notes the tuneful Angels rais'd,
And their triumphant Monarch prais'd.
Sweet Harmony pierc'd all the Globe around,
No ſullen Jars in Nature's Calm were found,
But the mad Fiends themſelves were huſh'd with
the melodious ſound.

And at his Feet we see,
With humble Air, and bended Knee,
One rob'd with an inferior Majesty;
Three Royal Crowns beneath him laid,
Weighty with Gems and massive Gold;
A snowy Circle does his Neck enfold,
With Ruby Drops, yet more Illustrious made;
And oft his Eyes, and oft his Hands he rears,
And still a Suppliants garb he wears,
Heaving Sighs and flowing Tears,
And all the marks of tender Pity and Compassion bears;
'Tis *Charles* the Good, the Just, *Charles* now no more
Expos'd to Hurricanes on a tempestuous Shoar;
Charles of a brighter Crown possest,
And nobler Rays his sacred Brows invest,
With all his mighty Master's favours blest.

No garbled Senate now, no Rebels dare
Infringe his Rights, or raiſe a fatal War;
No bold Blaſphemers can diſturb his Peace,
Or Impious Libels break his envy'd Eaſe;
But ſtill with ancient Pity mov'd,
His holy Prayers are all improv'd,
To beg Heaven's Pardon for a curſed Land,
Where all obnoxious ſtill to Heavenly vengeance
ſtand.

Ah wretched Land, ſince that firſt diſmal time,
When Honeſty was doom'd a Crime,
And pure and undefil'd Religion wore
The ugly colour of the Scarlet Whore!
When to addreſs to Heav'n, would give Offence,
If it were cloath'd with Gravity or Senſe;

To gull the Mob on ſome Red-Letter'd Day,
Enthuſiaſtick Rapture bore the ſway,
And Godlineſs in nauſeous Cant, and everlaſting Nonſenſe lay.
Not God nor Man could due Obedience claim,
But all was waſted in Rebellious Flame,
And poor St. *Paul* got a *Malignant*'s Name.
When for Religion dear, and dearer Liberty,
The Dragon's Tail would dare to plead,
And raiſe the Members all againſt their Head,
On wild pretence of ſtrange Apoſtaſie;
When the damn'd Hypocrites within thoſe Walls,
Where firſt our pious Laws were made,
Our Laws, our Bodies, and our Souls betray'd,
And in one fatal Pile,
Devour'd the Glories of our mournful Iſle,
And ſung a joyful Howl at *Britains* Funerals;

Then guarding Angels left their ancient Charge,
And Hell broke looſe, and Rebel Fiends at large,
Stalk'd thro' our Streets, and haunted every Field,
And every Rebels Breaſt,
Was by a thouſand innate Devils poſſeſt,
And did a thouſand Fruits of Hell-born Malice yield.
Then on our Palaces,
Satyrs and Dragons, and unnumber'd Monſters more,
Could without Oppoſition ſeize,
And *Lucifer* on the bright Throne could roar;
Then the unthinking Rabble bow'd,
To a more various, and more Helliſh Crowd,
Than Idol-making *Egypt* ever knew,
Or then *Chineſes* now, or *Indian* Bramins do;
The Land was delug'd with an impious Flood;
And every little Sect baptiz'd in Loyal Blood.

Hark

Hark how the whining Tribe, with canting tone,
And many a deep forc'd Sigh, and many an ugly
Groan,
Invoke their God! not him, whose powerful Hand
Does the wide Universe command;
But their own *Moloch*, to whose scorching Womb,
They their own wretched Heirs devote,
And all the Sons of Vertue doom,
To clog the bloody Devil's unmeasurable Throat.
Observe their heav'd up Hands, and lifted Eyes,
Doleful Sobs and eager Cries,
Gay Hypocrify's disguise.
Hark how the Pulpit rings, with Fist and Voice,
A furious Zeal, and a *Sentorian* Noise!
Those precious Saints sure have at last design'd
To seize by force on Heaven's Imperial Throne,
And make the Vassall'd World their own,
By Prayers and Tears combin'd.

No,

No, 'tis a Grace, alaſs! before ſome bloody Feaſt,
A bold Affront to all the Pow'rs above,
To juſt Obedience, and to ſacred Love.
Great *Charles*, Heaven's Repreſentative, muſt be
The Sacrifice to their immoderate Sanctity;
His Blood a Cordial for a Saintly Gueſt:
So to indulge a Britiſh Court,
To pleaſe a Villain, and to pleaſe a Whore,
The Baptiſts reverend Head was made their ſport,
Lopt off by Arbitrary Pow'r;
Each Crime firſt from an impious Oath begins,
That againſt Heav'n deſign'd, this againſt Heav'n and Kings.

O for the *Gothick* Tyrant's dreadful Fate!
Why ſhould the blows of Vengeance large and deep,
Only reach the Regal State,
And to Rebellious Traytors ſleep?

Struck

Struck with a frantic Rage, the Monſter view'd,
The Pike's huge Head, and with his ghaſtly Eyes,
He thought the Senatorian bleeding Head purſu'd,
His eaſieſt Minutes: at his nobleſt Feaſts,
Murder and Guilt were all his Gueſts,
And ſullen Horrors did his Heart ſurprize:
He rag'd, he ſtorm'd, and in his guilty Soul,
Did ever laſhing Furies rowl.
Eternal gnawings rack'd his tortur'd Breaſt,
By Hell, and every Devil poſſeſt;
Till thruſt by vengeful Fates, down to an eaſeleſs
Reſt:
Why ſhould I ſpend my weighty Curſes ſo?
As if the Slaves could ſcape th'inevitable Blow?
Alas! they fret, they rave; not their old Mate,
The preaching Porter e'er diſclos'd
A Soul leſs quiet, leſs compos'd

Than

Than the Imperious Villains; rowling Seas,
Rouz'd by impetuous Storms above the Sky,
When at each others Heads the tow'ring Billows fly,
Are huſh'd, and ſilent all compar'd with theſe.
Some by *Cadmæan* broils are cruſh'd, and ſome
From ling'ring Juſtice have their fatal doom;
But ſtill their Godleſs Heirs ſurvive,
Heirs to their Crimes, and Aphoriſms too,
And ſtill their bloody Plots, and dark Intrigues purſue;
And ſtill to damn again a thoughtleſs Nation ſtrive:
Like Midnight Wolves on buried Saints they prey,
Or like *Hyæna*'s, ſhun the Day,
And ſcatter Blood, and ſcatter Poyſons all the way;
No hallow'd Ground the Royal *Manes* can ſecure,
But ſacred Monuments the Brutes invade;
The blooming Sweets of Vertue Heav'nly pure,
Can't guard the venerable ſhade,

Or

Or fragrant Memory;
But could our holy Villains get the Day,
And once more raviſh the Imperial ſway,
Charles in his Name again, and Books and Heirs
ſhould die.
I ſee the diſcontented Crew,
The Brats of Common-wealth, together ſwarm;
And, deaf to each obliging Charm,
Again their baffled Stratagems renew.
I ſee their dark Cabals, and know
How deep their gloomy Mines, and Midnight Conſults go;
I watch their ſecret motions, and reveal
What their Confederate Devils wou'd fain conceal:
I ſee the Back-Doors gaping ſtand,
The ſilent ingreſs of the crawling Band:

So

So the black Gates of Hell unfolding show,
When the grim Fiends to Council go,
To raise the *Posse* of the Realms below.
I see their softer Arts, their murd'ring Smiles,
Their wheedling Courtship, and their fawning Wiles,
And the broad *Cameronian* Dagger drawn,
And for the wish'd Success, their lavish Souls in pawn:
Yet sleep secure, ye sacred Pair:
See where the fiery Guards possess the lightsome Air.
The shining Squadrons all around
With Victory and Virgin-Triumphs crown'd,
They watch the bloody Heart, the murdering Hand,
And all their Motions countermand;
While Rebels sink by their own weight o'er-born,
And God and *Charles* above, their headlong Counsels scorn.

Amen. *L. M.*

On a Gentleman, who had been a great Penitent.

An *EPIGRAM.*

THE Sun ſtill ſets, and leaves the Earth to Night,
Still ſets in Waves, that it may riſe more bright:
The ſame advantage your great Penance ſhares;
You riſe a *Phœbus* from a Sea of Tears.

To his MISTRESS.

By Sir John Denham.

GO, Love-born Accents of my dying Heart,
Steal into hers, and ſweetly there impart
The boundleſs Love, with which my Soul does ſwell,
And all my Sighs there in ſoft Echoes tell:
But if her Heart does yet repugnant prove
To all the Bleſſings that attend my Love;
Tell her the Flames that animate my Soul,
The pure, and bright, as thoſe *Prometheus* ſtole;
From Heav'n, tho' not like his by theft, they come;
But a free Gift, by the eternal Doom.
How partial, cruel Fair one, are your Laws,
To reward th'Effect, yet condemn the Cauſe?

Condemn my Love, and yet commend my Lays,
That merits Love more, than these Merits praise:
Yet I to you my Love and Verse submit,
Without your Smile, that Hope, and these want Wit:
For as some hold no colours are in deed,
But from Reflection of the Light proceed:
So as you shine, my Verse and I must live,
You can Salvation and Damnation give.

Song.

SONG.

By Th. Ch. *Esq;*

I.

AS I beheld the bright *Corinna*'s Eyes,
The sturdy Spright of Love began to rise.
Ah! me, said I, fair Nymph, what is't you do?
You've rais'd the Devil, but will you lay him too?
Save me, oh! save me by your powerful Charms,
And take me to the Circle of your Arms.

II.

Fear not, said she, this is a harmless Devil,
I'll calm his Rage, and teach him to be civil;

Of this intruding Feind I know the Force,
The longer he contends he'll fare the worſe:
Then op'd her Magic Book, and with a Spell,
Conjur'd the ſawcy *Dæmon* into Hell.

Song.

SONG.

By Sir George Etheridge.

I.

FAir *Iris*, all our time is ſpent
In trifling, whilſt we dally
The Lovers, who're indifferent,
Commit the groſſeſt Folly.
Ah! ſtint not then the flowing Pleaſure
To ſuch a wretched ſcanty meaſure;
Since boundleſs Paſſion, boundleſs Joys will prove:
Exceſs can only juſtifie our Love.

II.

Exceſs, in other things ſo bad,
In Love's the juſteſt Meaſure:
No other Reaſon's to be had
In that Seraphic Pleaſure.
From growing Love, bright Nymphs, your Faces
Receive ten thouſand ſweeter Graces:
My *Iris*, then, that you may be divine,
Let your ſoft Flame ſpread Night and Day, like mine.

To

To King WILLIAM.

——Similem quæ prætulit ætas?
Concilio, vel Marte Virum? nunc Brutus amaret
Vivere sub Regno tali; submitteret Aulæ
Fabritius; cuperent ipsi servire Catones.

Thus English'd.

IN Council Wise, in War so great a Man,
What Age did e'er produce, or ever can?
Brutus himself, this best of Kings wou'd Love,
The wise *Fabritius* wou'd to Court remove;
And *Cato* too, whom *Cæsar* cou'd not tame,
Wou'd now a subject live with greater Fame.

To

To my Friend Mr. Charles Hopkins: *On reading his Translations out of* Ovid *and* Tibullus.

By Mr. C. G.

THus ſweetly once the Love-ſick *Orpheus* ſung,
When on his Voice the *Sylvan* Audience hung;
Thus ſmooth his Numbers, and thus ſoft his Song,
That calm'd the Native Rage of the Infernal Throng.——
——Ah! no——my Friend, I wrong thy nobler Fame,
He only *Woods*, *Stones*, *Brutes*, and *Hell* cou'd tame;
And Female Madneſs ſtrove in vain t'aſſwage,
Falling a Victim to their Thoughtleſs Rage:

But

But Thou, can'st melt a *WOMAN*'s boundless Hate,
Bend all her stubborn Pride, and all her Rage abate:
Exalt her sordid Mercenary Mind,
And make the Sex soft, gen'rous, just, and kind.

Go on, dear Youth, with lucky Omens move,
And teach the *British* Ladies how to love.
Shew e'ry Spring, by which the Passions rise,
How *Admiration* first attaques the Eyes;
Thence how it gently does the Heart surprize:
How there it kindles that unruly Fire,
That melts our past Indifference to glowing hot desire.
Shew the mistaken methods of the Fair,
Who drive their sighing Slaves to curs'd Despair.
Ah! let thy Verse more tender Thoughts inspire,
And make relentless fair Ones burn with equal Fire.
Like *Ovid*'s, shall thy Picture then be worn,
And the glad Hand of e'ery Youth adorn,
As a sure Philtre 'gainst his Mistress's Scorn.

By SPENCER.

Phillis is both blithe and young;
Of *Phillis* is my Silver Song:
I love thilk Lass, and in my Heart
She breeds full many a baleful Smart.
Kids, cracknels, with my earliest Fruit,
I give to make her hear my Suit;
When *Colin* does approach o'erjoy'd,
My Hopes, alass! are all accoy'd.
Were I not born to love the Maid,
Yet she calls Miracles to her Aid.
When stormy Stou'rs had dress'd the year,
In shivering Winters wrathful Chear:
Phillis, that lovely cruel wight,
Found me in a dreerie Plight;

And

And Snow-balls gently flung at me,
To wake me from my Lethargie.
Fire I ween there was y pent
In all those frozen Balls she sent:
For, Ah! woe's me, I felt them burn,
And all my Soul to Flames I turn.
Ah! *Phillis*, if you'd quench my Fire,
Burn your self with as fierce Desire.

To

To SYLVIA.

I.

DID you, my charming *Sylvia*, live
Where frozen Nature ne'er inspires
Soft Love, or thaws to warm Desires,
Yet sure you would some Pity give
To one condemn'd to so severe a Fate,
To bear the rigour of the Night, and what's far more, your Hate.

II.

Bright lovely Charmer, lay aside
This useless, this ungrateful Pride,
That all my Happiness destroys,
And robs thee of ten thousand Joys.
Let ancient Tales of one coy Matron boast,
Thy Charms are not bestow'd to be for fansy'd Trifles lost.

III.

III.

Thee Nature in these Glories dress't,
To make the sighing Lover blest:
A sight of thee gives mighty Joys,
Far greater still thy melting Voice;
To kiss thee must our grosser Make refine;
But oh! t'enjoy thee! must make us grow Divine.

An

An Imitation of

Qualis nox fuit illa dii Deæq;!
Quam mollis torus! Hæsimus calentes;
Et transfudimus hinc & hinc labellis
Errantes animas; valete curæ:
Mortalis ego sic perire cœpi. *Petronii sat.*

OH! what a Night was that, ye Pow'rs Divine!
When I lay lock'd within her Arms, she clasp'd in mine:
O'er Love's unbeaten Wilds I freely rang'd,
Whilst at our Mouths our wand'ring Souls w'exchang'd.
Farewel all mortal Cares, in haste farewel,
I'm now, where boundless Joys and Raptures dwell.

FINIS.